

# THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. III.—FEBRUARY, 1857.—NO. II.



CAROLINE DOROTHEA HERSCHEL.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL has always seemed to us a beautiful example of that wise arrangement of Providence, by which, scattered here and there through all the ranks of life, we find females of superior endowments left free from domestic and maternal cares, to fill various untitled but most necessary posts in society. Although the avocations of science belong more properly to the province of man, there are some departments for which woman, by her tact and quickness of conception, and her habits of minute investigation, is even better fitted. At the present day, when la-

dies have become so exceedingly tenacious of their civil and political rights, and so intent on enlarging the sphere of their activities, might not some with profit turn their attention to the great and healthful pursuits of science? There is in our country a very large class of females upon whom life *forces* no claims. Raised by wealth far above the necessity of daily toil, moving in a circle which spurns the dignified and peculiarly feminine employment of teaching, because it wears the stamp of *labor*, willing to delegate all their family duties to servants and hirelings, they pass their days without one fixed



and continuous purpose, or one real effort to evolve the rich and profound meaning of life. To such, fitted as they are or may be by culture for study, scientific pursuits offer a radical cure for the ennui of existence. They may not with Humbolt or Audubon explore the unbroken solitudes of distant and savage lands, ford unbridged streams, or follow the tangled paths of the forest, but they may, with our admirable countrywoman, Miss Cooper, trace the windings of their own sunny streams, mark the bountiful order of the seasons, in the unfolding of bud and blossom, and notice with care the habits of bird, insect, and plant. If they do not aspire to write a book, (and Heaven forbid that they should,) let them at least keep a record of their daily observations, which shall prove in after years a sweet "*In Memorium*" of past enjoyments. Let them leave subtle speculations and learned theories to man if they will, but let them not fail to receive those gentle lessons of wisdom which Nature drops silently into the hearts of all her meek and docile disciples. And let not her who dwells in crowded streets, and far from meadows and pebbly brooks, say, this wisdom is not for me. Are not the heavens above her, and is not cloud-land hers? Do not the stars lead out their hosts, and the winds marshal themselves above the town as well as the country? Blessed be the hand that stretched out the heavens, upon which nightly the wanderer on the desert, the mariner on the ocean, and the dweller in "fenced cities" may gaze with an equal joy.

Prominent in the small list of those who have dedicated themselves to scientific pursuits, stands the name of Caroline Herschel. She was born at Hanover, March 16th, 1750. Although intimately associated through a long life with the first astronomers of her times, and widely known for her own scientific labors, she led a life of such singular seclusion and beautiful propriety, that very little of her private history has escaped the circle of her

immediate friends. We should like to know more of her early days, to look into her young heart and see if there were no follies and youthful levities there, no disappointments which weaned her from the world, and led her into a retirement as complete as that of the cloistered nun. It is probable that she was led into her grave and isolated habits, not only by sisterly affection, but from the natural bent of a singularly serious and thoughtful mind. She became so habituated to the laborious and abstract researches of the observatory, that to her the severest studies of other ladies must have seemed a light pastime.

However we view the character of Miss Herschel, it was entirely feminine. She undertook astronomy in the first instance, not to make herself a name, but that she might lighten the labors and share the vigils of her favorite brother, Sir William Herschel. Afterward when she began to fill up the small intervals of time which his occasional absence or other occupation gave her, with her own independent researches, it was because, from long habit, as well as native taste, she found the solitude of the study more congenial than the polite frivolity of the drawing-room. Probably we shall never know how essentially she contributed to those great discoveries which have made her eminent brother a patriarch in science, or how many of his sublime *results* were reached by her noiseless and patient labors. Certainly by relieving him of the tedious and plodding part of his calculations, she kept his mind fresh for new and expansive speculations.

She was his constant companion throughout his whole career, as inseparable as his telescope — nearly as indispensable. When he removed she accompanied him. She read the astronomical clock for him, noted his observations, and afterward reduced them from the rough draft, to a neat and available form. For his sake she cheerfully consented to change all the natural habits of her life, to begin her



day with the stars, and seek brief repose under the garish light of noon-day.

When every aspect of nature invited to rest, when curtains were drawn, and the fireside and pleasant book looked attractive, when the house-dog lay on the soft rug, and winter winds whistled without, then Miss Herschel was accustomed to leave her quiet corner, wrap herself in warm garments, and join her brother in his studies. Often in the severest weather she would watch patiently in the cold observatory for hours, while some obscuring cloud passed away, or some lagging star mounted slowly to its meridian. From the dreary height she could look down on pleasant homes, from which cheerful lights gleamed, and brilliant halls where the daughters of fashion danced to softest music. One by one the lights faded, the weary cottagers sought their beds, and even the revelers no longer tired the ear of night with their unharmonious strains. The last footsteps died from the frozen street, and the world slept — all but the watchers in the tower.

Besides what is incorporated in the works of her brother, Miss Herschel found time to make valuable contributions to science in her own name. Her observations were carried on with a small Newtonian sweeper, which her brother constructed for her especial use. This beautiful little telescope was her favorite companion, and if not so fashionable a pet as a poodle, was at least as rational. Her principal works were "A Catalogue of Stars," supplemental to the "British Catalogue," "A General Index of Reference to every Observation of every Star inserted in the British Catalogue," and also a "Zone Catalogue." These were all works of great utility, as well as most careful research.

It is not to be supposed that a life so singularly useful to science escaped the notice and plaudits of the learned. The Astronomical Society of London voted her a gold medal in 1828, and elected her an honorary member.

She was also a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and received testimonials from many other learned bodies. George III. marked his esteem by a pension, which supplied her modest wants. Her last days were not disturbed by those anxieties which so often embitter the old age of those who have spent their prime in literary labors.

She returned to Germany on the death of her brother in 1822, and spent the last twenty-six years of her life in her native Hanover. So far from feeling that painful vacancy sometimes experienced by those who drop the fixed habits and activities of life in old age, and seek repose in indolence, she retained her vigor and strength of mind to the last. Having buried all her early contemporaries, and seen the second generation tottering to their graves, she had still power and will for executing the work of an ordinary lifetime. Her memory was very acute, and she dwelt with great delight on the scenes of former days. She gave the world a noble exemplification of the serene old age which may be expected to follow a life spent in harmony with the laws of health and virtue, in tranquil and active pursuits. We can scarcely represent to ourselves a more interesting object than this venerable matron, standing on the brink of her second century, holding in her capacious mind the whole progress of science for more than four score years, watching the successful conclusion of investigations which had been commenced in the solitude of her brother's study, blessed with the affectionate care of relatives, and the benedictions of the wise, and yet retaining the beautiful humility and simple habits of her youth. We notice in her, what we have always remarked in the highest disciples of science, a child-likeness of nature, and a capacity for simple and solitary enjoyment. She had, too, that genuine enthusiasm which, unlike the excitements of business life, leaves its possessor unworn as years pass on, or



rather seems to endow him with a perpetual youth.

In 1847 Miss Herschel celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday. On that remarkable anniversary she received the gratulations of her numerous friends, among whom she reckoned some of illustrious rank. "The king of Hanover sent to compliment her; the Prince and Princess Royal visited her; and the latter presented her with a magnificent arm-chair embroidered by herself; and the king of Prussia sent her a gold medal awarded for the extension of the sciences."

She did not live to see another birthday, but died full of years and honors, January 9th, 1848. She finished her long and useful life with the same tranquillity in which she had passed it, and rejoined, may we not hope, her beloved brother in the elevated pursuits of the heavenly state.

We subjoin the following eulogium of Miss Herschel, taken from Dr. Nichol's "Views of the Architecture of the Heavens:"

"The astronomer, Sir William Herschel, during these engrossing nights, was constantly assisted in his labors by a devoted maiden sister, who braved with him the inclemency of the weather, who heroically shared his privations, that she might participate in his delights, whose pen, we are told, committed to paper his notes of observations as they issued from his lips. She it was," says the best of authorities, "who, having passed the nights near the telescope, took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day, and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning. She it was who planned the labor of each succeeding night, who reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept every thing in systematic order. She it was—Miss Caroline Herschel—who helped our astronomer to gather an imperishable name. This venerable lady has in one respect been more fortunate than her brother: she has lived to reap the full benefit of their joint glory.

"Some years ago the gold medal of our astronomical society was transmitted to her, to her native Hanover, whither she removed after Sir William's death; and the same learned society has recently inscribed her name on its roll. But she has been rewarded by yet more, by what she will value beyond all earthly pleasures: she has lived to see her favorite nephew, him who grew up under her eye unto an astronomer, gather around him the highest hopes of scientific Europe, and prove himself fully equal to tread in the footsteps of his father."

### HOME LESSONS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Sing me a song," said the little girl,  
As she sat on her mother's knee,  
"For it makes me glad when you kindly smile,

And softly sing to me."

"Tell me a tale," said the merry boy,  
As he stood by his mother's side,  
But she turned away to the cradle bed,  
For her waking infant cried.

"Wait, my darlings," she tenderly said,  
Kissing the babe, as it clung to her breast,  
So the children quietly bow'd the head,  
Believing the mother's time was best:—  
And the blessed seed of patience fell  
Into their hearts and rooted well.

At the door, an aged man appeared,  
With locks all silvery white,  
And the mother rose up, when she saw her  
sire,

With a smile of love and light,—  
She placed for him the great arm-chair,  
While her voice like silver clear,  
Pour'd a gentle tide of cheering thought  
Into his deafen'd ear,—  
Till he forgot that his blood was cold,  
And talked with glee as in days of old;  
So, the children learned from that household  
page

The holy text of respect for age,—  
And the blessing of God, is the fruit, 't is  
said,  
Of reverence shown to the hoary head.

Roses bloom — then they wither;  
Cheeks are bright — then fade and die;  
Shapes of light are wafted hither —  
Then like visions hurry by.



## SCOLDING MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

"I DECLARE, I never did see such a young-one in all the days of my life," ejaculated Mrs. . . . to her son Johnnie, who had made himself happy for the last half hour, in making railroads of the parlor chairs. "You're always in mischief! there, take that and clear out," says she, violently boxing his ears.

An observer would not wonder that Johnnie is a troublesome boy—indeed, the only marvel would be that all goodness is not crushed out of his soul. But little does that passionate mother realize that she is sowing in that young heart, seed which shall spring up and yield a hundred fold of bitterness and sorrow. Little does she imagine that the lineaments of her own dark countenance are becoming impressed on that pretty child's face, which she has thus summarily banished. She thinks not that she is painting a blotted picture for that boy's memory; a picture in which the mother will appear only as a cruel, unloving monster.

Reader, do you turn away, feeling that it is not possible that woman should thus degenerate herself, that she should thus ignore her maternal nature? Alas, that it should be so true.

It has been my misfortune more than once, to occupy the same dwelling with a scolding woman, and truly I can say with the wise man, "It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and angry woman." If ever my soul's depths were stirred, it has been when listening to the raging storm of woman's passions, bursting, perhaps, on the defenseless head of some shrinking child. Sadly darkened must be the soul of that mother, who can, day after day, and year after year, pour out, without remorse, a torrent of harsh words upon the ears of those she really loves, wounding and crushing the hearts of the sensitive, till hatred takes the place of love, and

the evil Genius presides, where once the heavenly angel loved to linger.

O woman, woman! How great an influence thy words, thy tones of voice possess. Soft and silvery as the music of the streamlet, rich and melodious as the chime of bells, they may melt the heart's hardness, warm the affections, and kindle up the latent spark of goodness to a generous glow. Harsh and vituperative, they may kill the tender growth of hope and love, as the late frosts the buds of spring.

Mother, the echoes of your voice may linger for long years in the hearts of your children. Shall they be soft, sweet echoes, that shall seem like angel music to them, winning them to the love of God and earth, or shall they be a rough, cold clamor, driving them on to darkness and despair?

GRANDVILLE, MICH., Dec. 3, 1856.

## YOUNG AMERICA.

BY TALBOT GREENE.

THE present is an age of progress. Onward is the watch-cry, and energy the pass-word. The mind has not now time to linger over the past, but to grapple with the present, and anticipate the future. More particularly is this so, here in America. Improvement follows improvement, and discovery succeeds discovery. The American is ever planning, ever scheming. No sooner does he by steam make a great and wonderful improvement on the slow paced vehicle, by fifty miles per hour, than he "casts his mind about" for something that will travel twice as fast in a second, and actually accomplishes it. Young America never fails in an undertaking, but accomplishes everything, no matter the magnitude.

We have no boys and girls in this age of progress, for Young America with one stride steps from the nursery to the dignity of manhood. You may see him at any time, upon the street, at the mature age of fifteen, with his snow white collar, his cigar, his rattan, his gentlemanly gait and his manly



airs. What are his thoughts? Thinks he about the kite, the marble, the top? No! he spurns the idea. His thoughts are on the ladies, railroads, cotton speculations, fillibustering, etcetera.

Behold the children, I beg pardon — the ladies and gentlemen, at an evening party.

“The lady is twelve and the gentleman fifteen years of age.

“Pray, Miss Lizzie,” remarks the gentleman, “how do you enjoy the evening?”

“Oh! sadly enough, Mr. Gallagher; parties now-a-days are so tiresome, so insipid.”

“I’ve been looking for you, dear Lizzie, all evening, for,

“I feel like one who treads alone,  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose hopes have fled, whose heart is dead,  
And all but him departed.”

“Why, la! Mr. Gallagher, what can be the matter? you gentlemen are always pining.”

“Yes, cruel girl, and ‘under some pine I’ll pine away,’ for

“My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers of hope and love are gone,  
The worm, the canker and the grief,  
Are mine alone!”

“You shock my nerves dreadfully, Mr. Gallagher, by keeping me thus in suspense. Do tell me what is the matter?”

“Why, then,

“Thou lovest another, Lizzie,  
Thou lovest him alone,  
Thine eyes confess it, Lizzie,  
Thy look, thy word, thy tone.”

“I’m sure, I don’t love any one. Love may do for young shepherdesses and peasant girls, but as for me, Mr. Jacob B. Gallagher, I believe it all a fairy tale.”

This, then, is a fair specimen of Young America in the ball-room. Equally forward is he in the forum, the mart, the ‘change and the battle-field. He is now undermining despotism in South America. We behold him at Nicaragua, in the far south-west, and indeed, wherever a man can find a spot to rest his foot. Young America has made us what we are, a great, a happy, a free people. We love him with all

his faults. His destiny is upward and onward. He fights our battles, he preserves our dignity, he secures us privileges—he makes our Union a home for the oppressed of the world at large.

JONESBORO, TENN.

## WOMAN.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

Call her not angel — say not she’s divine,  
A “household god,” to be adored by man;  
Nor yet by action, if not word, declare  
She’s but a toy, painted and deck’d so gay,  
The tulip stands abash’d when by her side,  
While bright-winged butterflies outvied, away  
To be appeas’d ’mid nature’s milder hues.  
Nor make her yet man’s toiling, drudging slave  
That but to do his bidding — to prepare  
Viands of luxury which he demands,  
And minister to appetites depraved,  
Was the great end in forming this, the last,  
The crowning work of God!

Alas! full long  
Hath woman been thus treated, deified,  
Flattered, caressed, or trampled in the earth.  
Full long hath she perverted noble powers,  
Which ought to aid, instruct, and bless man-  
kind:  
’Tis time she should arise from Lethean sleep,  
And take her true position, as the friend  
Of human-kind, on life’s arena broad,  
Man’s heaven appointed help-mate, sending  
forth  
A healthful influence; raising from their low  
And fallen state to one of dignity,  
The human brotherhood.

Let woman rouse  
And act indeed, as one accountable:  
A living, rational, free agent, made  
In God’s own image, to perform His will —  
To be his helper in the great earth work  
Of renovation. Thus will she stand forth  
A finished model of the first design,  
Worthy the noble name imparted her,  
But which for those inferior has been changed,  
The name of *woman*.

## DIVINE PROTECTION.

Is thy path lonely? fear it not, for He  
Who marks the sparrow fall, is guarding thee;  
And not a star shines o’er thine head at night,  
But he hath known that it will reach thy sight.  
And not a joy can beautify thy lot,  
But tells thee still, that thou art unforgot;  
Nay, not a grief can darken or surprise, —  
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,  
But it is sent in mercy and in love,  
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.



## THE CAVE AT MILLS FALLS.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

I WAS seated by a comfortable fire in the parlor of one of the hotels in a flourishing village at the west — the west of twenty years ago — not Kansas or Nebraska.

The night without was clear and cold, and the crackling of the snow under the feet of the passers-by, had a biting sound, that made me draw closer to the ruddy blaze that was roaring up the chimney. There seemed to be no other guests present to enjoy the favors of mine host, or to disturb the tranquillity of my rest after a long, cold day of travel, and, having done chivalrous duty to a hot supper, I had drawn a rocking-chair and a small table to a corner of the fire-place, and sat dividing my time between a sleepy reverie of somebody, or something, and a sleeper book that had been written by somebody, somewhere.

I felt exceedingly comfortable, and quite in a humor to be satisfied with the world in general, and myself in particular, and, indulging in the humane opinion that my own convenience was the thing of prime importance in the universe, I was fain to congratulate myself from time to time on the undisturbed possession of my quarters, and the probability that the coldness of the night would prevent the appearance of other travelers. In these congratulations, however, I was suddenly interrupted by a triumphant rattling of sleigh bells up to the door, and a sound of boisterous merriment bursting unceremoniously into the hall, and quite as unceremoniously into the parlor which I had considered so exclusively my own. They were a party of young people, numbering some ten or twelve, and evidently belonging to the country near, for they seemed quite as much at home under the roof, as I could claim to be myself, the gentlemen calling about them lustily for such good things as the house afforded, and the ladies helping themselves unhesitatingly to the comforts of the parlor.

One of the latter showed herself at once to be a beauty and a pet, from the peremptory manner in which she treated her companions, and when a devoted admirer had provided her a warm seat by the fire, she tossed her head contemptuously, and throwing down her hood upon the table, and shaking a free mass of shining ringlets over her mantle, commenced a graceful pirouette around the room. She was petit, and pert, with a foot like a gazelle, a laugh like the sound of a mimic waterfall, and a skin like the leaf of a water lily in its first bloom. She paid not the least attention to the questions or remarks of the party, until, breathless with her waltzing, she danced up to a tall, dark-eyed girl who occupied the only other rocking-chair, besides her own, which the parlor afforded, and with a series of bows and curtsies, exclaimed, "I'm tired, Lucy Ghellis — if you please ma'am, I'm tired."

"I presume so," replied the person addressed, settling back significantly into her rocking-chair. "I think any one would have a right to be tired after the performance you have just finished."

"Yes, ma'am," continued Alice, for so they called the little maiden, "and it was all for your particular benefit, ma'am, and I would like to rest, ma'am."

"Ah!" said Lucy, laughing, "then I beg you will proceed to rest."

Alice turned round, as if despairing of success in that quarter, and folding her little round arms upon her bosom, exclaimed with her mouth drawn quaintly up, "I'll be so good as to ride home with any gentleman as will procure me the possession of that same rocking-chair that Miss Ghellis monopolizes."

This brought several at once to their feet, and various and laughable were the expedients resorted to, to drive Miss Lucy from her seat.

She retained it, however, with decided composure, and a pretended ignorance of what was demanded of her, until, in the midst of their merriment on the subject, supper was announced



I had been sufficiently amused by the party to wait with some interest for their return, but before the rattling of knives had ceased across the hall, the parlor door opened, and Alice Lyn slid quietly into the rocking-chair. When the party returned, however, the former occupant took no notice of her presence, somewhat to the chagrin of Alice, as I fancied, but, after a few moments, when the restless beauty had darted from her seat, Miss Ghellis resumed her former position with the utmost nonchalance, and the contest for the disputed chair was commenced with renewed vigor, very much in the manner of noisy child's play.

I now rose from the comfortable seat in which I had hitherto indulged, and passing it over to the party, offered it to Miss Lyn. She turned upon me with a frightened look, exclaiming, "Oh no, sir, thank you, thank you, I don't *want* a rocking-chair," and perching herself with astute dignity on the corner of a little lounge, she seemed to strive assiduously for the space of five minutes to look grave.

Miss Ghellis, however, with a dignity and politeness I had by no means expected in a party of hoydenish school girls, as I had decided them to be, apologized for having disturbed me with their noisy child's play; and I was just debating in my own mind whether I could take advantage of the opening, and continue the conversation—for there was something in her looks and manner that pleased me—when Alice Lyn once more started to her feet, and declared that she was going to Mills Falls. Some of the party remonstrated that it was quite too cold for such an expedition, but Miss Lyn, with native pertinacity, asserted that it was not cold at all, but, on the contrary, we were going to have a thaw, she had no doubt it would rain before morning. This assertion drew forth much merriment, and various proofs of the severity of the weather were adduced, but to all this Alice replied—

"I don't care for that, I know it is going to thaw, for our yellow hen

crowed to-night, and she never crows except it's going to thaw."

In the midst of the laughter which this occasioned, a young man, who had that day traveled some twenty miles from the southward, asserted that it was raining in B . . . . that morning, when he left.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Alice. "This is the last snow we shall have this winter, and I wish to see Mills Falls in the ice, before I die. Who knows but I shall be under the snow myself before another winter?"

Alice Lyn's plea prevailed, and the party were soon equipped, and set off gaily to the Falls. For myself, I sat listening till the sound of their voices died away, and then, possessed by a singular curiosity to know more of the party, and the place they were so anxious to visit, I looked for the landlord that I might inquire the direction and follow them.

I had recently finished my medical studies at an eastern university, and had been, for two or three months, traveling through the Western States in search of a location where I might win a comfortable way in the world. This was the first party of sociable young people I had seen during the winter, and, as they were the kind of people with whom I expected to pass my future life, I felt an unusual degree of interest in them.

"They have gone round by the road," said the clerk at the bar, in answer to my inquiries. "But if you don't mind the snow, you will find it much shorter to strike off right through the woods east from the village. The noise of the Falls will direct you—it is not far, in that direction."

I hesitated a moment about taking this advice, as I saw it would bring me on the opposite side of the river from the party whose steps I was following, but a second thought convinced me that this would give me all I had a right to desire—a good view of the Falls, and would lay me open to no charge of intrusion; so I took the path which had been recommended.



Once out of doors I perceived that the snow no longer crackled under the feet as it had done at nightfall, and other signs of a sudden and decisive change in the weather were so evident as to surprise me. "I should not wonder if it rained here before morning," I said to myself, as I wended my way among the tall trees that stand so grimly in a Western forest.

The black branches were now laden with their picturesque foliage of snow, and the moon, wading through thick masses of floating clouds that were gathering in the sky, left the night just dark enough to give free scope to the fancy, in the images with which it peopled the dim wood. Occasionally an owl, from some quaint niche amid the branches, would send out its shrill "tu whoo" in acknowledgment of my approach; but there was nothing else to break in upon the monotonous sound with which the rumbling Falls filled the air. The wood through which I was passing, skirted the village at no great distance from the hotel I had left; and I had not gone over three quarters of a mile, when I found myself standing on the banks of the river, at the foot of a waterfall of unusual beauty. The river leaped suddenly over a precipice of some thirty feet, and the volume of water had worn its way in the center, so as to give a crescent shape to the fall, while the ragged points of the rocks jutted far out on either side, fringed with dropping cedars — heaped with snow, and adorned with icicles of such various and beautiful forms, that a less enthusiastic person than Alice Lyn might well have wished to see Mills Falls in the ice before he died. The dance and turmoil of the water was sufficient to keep the river clear from ice for some little distance below the Falls; and tempted by the white spray that was rolling up at my feet, I stooped and dipped my hand in the water, and was surprised to find how much warmer it was than the atmosphere. The stream was one of those that take their rise in the high ridge between the lakes and the Ohio,

so that its source was many miles away to the south. While I was still wondering about the warmth of the water, my attention was arrested by the appearance of the party that I had followed from the hotel, but who, having taken a longer road than I, had only just arrived. I could hear their voices calling gaily to each other, and could distinguish the form of Alice Lyn as she danced about, and clapped her hands with bursts of unbounded admiration. Presently, a tall, dark figure advanced to the very verge of the rocks, and stood, with folded arms, gazing with silent and absorbing interest on the scene.

"Don't stand there, Lucy Ghellis — don't stand there," shouted a voice behind her, but the warning came too late. There was a crackling of the ice — a sudden shriek — and the poor girl was struggling in the mad waves below. It was no time for thought. I knew no more, until, plunging myself in the stream, I had rescued her from the turmoil of the water, and was bearing her insensible form up the bank to a naked ledge of rock that attracted my attention. On — on — I bore my fainting burden. I did not notice how or where until I laid her down upon some withered hemlock wreaths that lay heaped up in a sheltered place among the rocks.

I set myself at once about the task of resuscitation, but it was long ere I succeeded in rousing the feeble signs of life which she exhibited, and when, at last, she opened her eyes, it was only to fall off into a succession of fainting fits which must have lasted for two or three hours. I threw together some of the broken branches about me, and kindled a fire, both for the purpose of imparting warmth to the figure of my charge, and of relieving the increased darkness of the night. I was too much confused by what had occurred, to think clearly on any subject, but still I did not forget occasionally to send out my voice in a prolonged shout, in hopes of attracting the party who, I thought, must be searching for their



companion. I did not then observe, though I afterwards remembered distinctly, that the rumbling of the Falls had so much increased as to render it impossible for any human voice to be heard above the tumult.

It must have been near midnight before she was sufficiently recovered for me to attempt to leave her in search of help, and when I did so, I had proceeded but a few steps, when, horror of horrors! my feet plunged suddenly in the water of the river, and, glancing about, I saw the arch of rock that spread above us stooping darkly down unto within a few inches of the water. I had not before observed that the spot we occupied formed a wide-mouthed cave, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe, except that the floor was an inclined plane, the upper part of which was higher than the roof of the arch that formed its mouth. This mouth was now almost concealed by water which was rapidly approaching us, and from which I could see no way of escape.

"Do you know where we are?" I cried, rushing hastily back to the spot where I had left my companion.

She half rose from her seat, and with a rapid glance about her, replied:

"Certainly; we are in the cave at Mills Falls. I know the way perfectly well. Shall we go?"

"And is this the whole of the cave?" I asked breathlessly, casting my eye back at the water upon which the fire was now throwing a fearful glare of light.

Lucy sprang to her feet with a sharp cry of alarm.

"Overtaken by a freshet in the cave," she shrieked. "The Grotto — quick! we have scarcely time to reach it;" and, gathering her shawl about her, she rushed towards a distant corner of the cave. Seizing a blazing pine-knot from the fire, I followed her steps, and leaping over the water, where it crossed my path, ascended a few steps cut in the stone, and entered, through a small aperture, into the apartment she had designated as the Grotto. The

floor of this room was several feet higher than that from which we had come; it was, indeed, a lofty, spacious apartment, with ragged arches of rock hanging dismally from the thick gloom overhead. Unconscious as I had hitherto been, I became, in a moment, painfully alive to the horrors of our situation. I could hear the crackling and crashing of the ice above us, and the swelling and roaring of the infuriated waters, as they howled madly through the cavern we had left.

"Is there no escape from this?" I asked my companion, after holding my torch aloft, and ascertaining the capabilities of the apartment.

Lucy shook her head hopelessly, with her white lips pressed tightly together.

"I must go back for wood," I said, "we must have a fire;" and I was about to return for some of the drift wood with which the lower cavern was thickly strewn, but a quick motion of her hand arrested me.

"Here is wood," she said, pointing to a place well stocked with broken branches; "we always have an illumination when we come here, and we were ready for a pic-nic last fall when Emma Martin died." She spoke with an effort, as if her faculties were becoming more and more benumbed with a consciousness of her situation.

"Does the water ever rise to this apartment?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes — no. I don't know," answered she confusedly, "I beg pardon; yes, I remember they were talking about the water-marks here, but the gallery yonder is higher than the summit of the Falls."

I went with my torch, and examined the place she designated. It was somewhat in the shape of a huge, old-fashioned pulpit, very high, but perfectly accessible, and could hardly fail to form a safe retreat in case the water should rise to the apartment we occupied.

"We are secure from the water, at least," said I, returning, while my hands instinctively sought the pockets



of my hunting coat, for I had made a pleasure as well as a business of this tour of discovery, and had frequently carried to the primitive taverns where I lodged a sufficient supply of game to furnish my supper and breakfast. On the evening in question, however, I had been more fortunate in the choice of a landlord, and my little stock of game remained untouched. Little enough it was, but it was all we had, dear reader, to sustain life during those long days that we remained water-bound in the cave at Mills Falls.

My examination of the cave lasted but a moment, and I sat hastily about kindling a fire, for I was young and active then, besides being prompted to activity by the wet and cold state in which we were. The dense smoke, which at first rewarded my efforts, was quickly succeeded by a rapid, crackling blaze, which threw its light over the centre of the grotto, and brought out in strong relief the marble figure of my companion, who still stood where she had first paused, watching my movements with a wistful, frozen look. A cloth pelisse fitted closely to her slight, graceful figure, and the unbound masses of her raven hair fell dripping over her bloodless cheeks, and swept like a mantle of night about her shoulders.

That statue-like figure has remained faithfully daguerretyped upon my memory ever since. I think I made some drawings of it subsequently, but when Lucy came at last to be "endowed with all my worldly goods," I suspect she destroyed this portion of them. Would you believe, dear reader, that, amid the many causes of terror around us at that moment, she was most afraid of me? — of me! — who would not only then, but at any and every subsequent moment of my life, have sacrificed everything for her comfort!

I have never fully believed it myself, though she continues to assert it, as a fact, to this day.

Her raven hair is streaked with silver now, and its heavy folds combed soberly away beneath a matron's cap,

I see her, as I raise my eyes from my paper, and peer at her through my spectacles. She sits there knitting warm stockings for our youngest pet — our Alice — asleep in her cot. Years have passed away since then, but she is still to me the same Lucy that I have loved from that moment until now.

Reader, do you wish to know how we escaped? how we appeared at last among the startled villagers, who had worn themselves out in a vain search for our remains?

For me it is enough to know that we did escape, and have been blessed with a long life of happiness since as a reward for our frozen courtship in the Cave at Mills Falls.

#### BLESSINGS OF POVERTY.

WE give the following remarks of a very distinguished writer on this subject, which are worthy of serious consideration: "Poverty is the nurse of manly energy and heaven climbing thoughts, attended by love, and faith, and hope, around whose steps all the breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin, and what their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No; such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties, and privation and sacrifice brace their moral natures. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants. There is not an idle fibre in their frames. They put the vigor of a resolute purpose in every act. The edge of their mind is always kept sharp. In the schools of life, men like these meet the softly-nurtured darlings of prosperity as the vessels of iron meet vessels of porcelain."



## BALANCING THE BOOKS.

BY CLAUDIUS.

**A**N old gray-headed merchant was seated in his counting-room, looking over his day-book and ledger, and expressed some surprise to his confidential clerk, as well as the highest gratification, that he had found the books of the concern in such excellent order. He had done business there, in that same house, for over half a century; and while many of his neighbors had been obliged to make an assignment, his affairs had gone on prosperously, without being sensibly affected by those periodical commercial revulsions that had swept away like cobwebs the fortunes of so many of our best business men.

He scarcely knew himself why he had never been compelled to apply for bank accommodations, or ask a friend to endorse his paper, while so many others seemed to depend wholly upon this practice for their success. While cursorily inspecting the accounts on the morning above alluded to, he noticed that the faithful Mr. Barlow, his head clerk, had politely invited no less than eight of his best customers to walk into the counting-room and attend to balancing books. Not a word of disagreement dropped from the lips of either party as they looked over the catalogue of items, and they each cheerfully paid the amount of their indebtedness in cash, or embodied it in a promissory note, payable in sixty or ninety days, as might be most convenient to the debtor. This was the uniform practice of this mercantile establishment, for which its prosperous proprietor was indebted to the rigid, methodical business habits of Mr. Barlow. Once a quarter the books must be balanced.

Mr. Graham now realized more than ever how much he was indebted to the industry and fidelity of Mr. Barlow for the almost princely fortune that had found its way into his hands. He found no long strings of old accounts running through half a dozen

day-books and half as many ledgers, reaching back over a period of five or six years. But every thing indicated frequent and recent settlements. He found, much to his surprise and satisfaction, that but few of his customers who had dealt with him for so many years, owed him any considerable amounts, while the bank-book showed that many thousands were safely deposited in bank. His clerk and himself had grown old together, for Mr. Barlow had been in his service now over forty years, and for more than thirty the former had been regarded as a *fixture* of the concern, without whose attentions its business would be seriously embarrassed. Everything had been so prudently conducted, that but little time was necessary to prepare for retirement, and Mr. Graham now testified his appreciation of the valuable services of Mr. Barlow, by bestowing upon him a liberal fraction of the accumulations of so many long years of toil.

As with Mr. Graham's, so with every well-regulated business establishment, whatever its character, frequent settlements must be among the established order of things. But, whether frequent or infrequent, the day of reckoning is sure to come. Some short-sighted patrons and customers are weak enough to flatter themselves that because they are not often summoned to final settlement, they will be allowed to trade on credit *ad infinitum*. They presume upon the liberality of their chief creditors, trade on carelessly and recklessly, running deeper and deeper into debt, until finally, and unexpectedly, the day of reckoning dawns, and they are by no means prepared to meet its imperious demands. Often the results in such cases are bankruptcy and ruin! They reap the bitter fruits of their own negligence and folly.

The summons, "Walk into the counting-room and settle," will sooner or later come to all. The mother who imprudently feeds to her darling child sweetmeats, sugar candies, rich gravies,



hot teas and coffee, and dresses it to show off, instead of to promote its health, with heavy sighs and scalding tears will follow that little one to its infant tomb! Or, it may be, the child will grow up to be a man or woman, all mantled with infirmities, that convert life into one perpetual curse — no blessing to society, no consolation to friends. The summons to that inconsiderate parent is, "Please walk into the counting-room and settle up the books!"

The young lady sometimes spends all the long hours of the night in the dissipation of the ball-room; walks on the damp ground or cold pavement in thin slippers and stockings; suspends upon her hips day after day, and year after year, fifteen or twenty pounds of dangling skirts; laces herself up with a mechanical pressure equal to a burden of from sixty to one hundred pounds, and exposes her neck and arms to freezing cold. By-and-by she is invited into the counting-room to settle up, and balance the books, and lo! she is found bankrupt! — has overtraded! goes into a decline, and dies of consumption!

The inebriate goes on from year to year, rejoicing that he has sufficient self-control to govern himself, while thousands of others gradually sink below the reach of hope; *he* drinks with moderation, sips a little only, every hour of the day, looks down upon the poor besotted drunkard, despises the lost and wayward victim of appetite, "thanks God that he is not like (some) other men;" contends that a *little*, drank with regularity, injures no man — especially him. But the day of reckoning approaches; the books must be balanced; he is summoned into the counting-room for settlement. Poor bankrupt! he dies long years before his time, with all the frightful, tormenting horrors of delirium tremens!

The snuff-taker, tobacco-chewer, and smoker considers his departure from the laws of life and health so slight, that he can not regard it probable that he shall ever hear the rude summons,

to walk into the counting-room for settlement. He pays out his money in small sums, pollutes his breath, rots his teeth, poisons his blood and nerves, slowly puts out his eyes, destroys his hearing, palsies his organs of taste and smell, invites into his system every kind of disease known to the flesh, and fancies himself a very exemplarily temperate man, and perhaps a very devoted Christian! Yes, pious soul! mouth filthier than the sewers of the streets, and the Holy Spirit in his heart! Pious, prayerful saint! sending up his morning and evening oblations to the throne of his Maker, all besmeared and polluted with the smoke and juice of tobacco! breath so rank and offensive as to almost act like an emetic upon the stomachs of bystanders! this, the breath of prayer! Holy man! grieved into fits, perhaps, because a neighbor, or brother member of the church sometimes drinks a glass of brandy! Oh, ye tobacco mongers! your time will soon come — the summonses are being made out, that will call you into the counting-room of settlement!

The loathsome debauchee, the heartless libertine, the villainous seducer, seek to elude the gaze of mortal eyes, and transact their deeds of infamy under the cover of thick darkness, vainly and foolishly hoping to escape retribution. They secretly boast that pay-day will never come. But soon health is mined, constitution broken down, and the poor votary of lustful passion is marked from head to foot with more than leprous pollution. He is suddenly summoned into the counting-room for settlement — the books must be balanced — he stands before God a *bankrupt*!

The young lad just out of his teens thinks it will be a pleasant affair to get married. He falls in love with some slender, delicate, giddy-headed young damsel, quite too frail to take care of herself, saying nothing of the cares of a family, and he soon begins to feel quite like an old man. He is soon encumbered with a group of



sickly children, two or three nurses, and as many doctors, and he sensibly realizes that the world is indeed a vale of tears. He curses the marriage institution, curses the day he was born, wishes his wife and children were all in heaven, makes all sorts of reckless resolves, but has not the fortitude to put them in practice, and finally settles down into a kind of half stupid reconciliation, and regards his as the ordinary lot of suffering humanity. He is having a sober time in balancing the books—a long time in the counting-room!

Every mortal being, sooner or later, must be brought to a settlement. The accounts of life may sometimes run on for a long time, many years, but pay-day comes at last. A young man gets in the habit of eating late suppers, eating with rapidity, and eating many things that never ought to be put into a human stomach; and because he is not summoned, by the laws of nature, to a speedy settlement, he fancies his day of grace will be indefinitely extended. But by the time he reaches the meridian of life, he is afflicted with dyspepsia, and it holds him for the remainder of his days. For a quarter of a century or more he must sit quietly down on the stool of repentance, and own up that he has been a fool! Yes, the books *must be balanced*. When will mortals learn the lesson, that for every infraction of the laws of nature, from a tight shoe that generates a toe-corn, up to the reckless and criminal exposure that invites instant death or lingering consumption, they must be summoned to judgment! Reader, remember nature employs excellent bookkeepers.—*Life Illustrated*.

#### HARD STUDY vs. HARD EATING.

STUDENTS and dyspeptics, read this article from *Hall's Journal of Health*:

Hard study hurts nobody, but hard eating does. It is a very common thing to attribute the premature disa-

bility or death of students and eminent men to too close application to their studies. It has now come to be a generally admitted truth that hard study, as it is called, endangers life. It is a mischievous error that severe mental application undermines health. Unthinking people will dismiss this with the exclamation of "that's all stuff," or something equally conclusive. To those who search after truth, in the love of it, we wish to offer some suggestions.

Many German scholars have studied for a lifetime, for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and a very large number from twelve to fifteen hours, lived in comparative health, and died beyond the sixties.

One of the most sterling living minds, Prof. Silliman, the elder, is now in mid winter, traveling through the country, at the age of nearly eighty years, and in good health, delivering geological lectures, living mentally on the hard food of rocks, iron, iridium, and the like. Another strong example of the truth that health and hard study are not incompatible, is found in the great Missourian, Thomas H. Benton, now past three score and ten, and in the enjoyment of vigorous health; a more severe student than he has been, and is now, the American public does not know. Dr. Charles Caldwell, our honorable preceptor, lived beyond the eighties, with high bodily health, remarkable physical vigor, and mental force scarcely abated, yet, for a great part of his life, he studied fifteen hours out of twenty-four, and at one time gave but four hours to sleep. John Quincy Adams, the old man eloquent, is another equally strong example of our position. All these men, with the venerable Dr. Nott, now more than eighty years old, made the preservation of health a scientific study, and by systematic temperance, neither blind nor spasmodic, secured the prize for which they labored, and with it years, usefulness, and honor. The inculcation of these important truths was precisely



more immediate practical application to the clergy of the country, whom we see daily disabled or dying, scores of years before their time; not as is uniformly benevolently stated, from their arduous labors, but by a persistent and inexcusable ignorance of the laws of life and health, and wicked neglect of them. We use this strong language purposely, for ignorance of duty to their own bodies is no more excusable than ignorance of duty to their own souls, for upon both classes of duty the lights brightly shine, full bright enough for all practical purposes; the lights of nature, of science, of experience, and of grace. How much of the hard, intolerable theology of the times was concocted and is perpetuated by dyspeptic stomachs, reflecting men can readily conjecture. We take it upon ourselves to guard and guide the shepherds. We would like to say much more on this subject, but long articles are neither read nor copied. For the present, therefore, we content ourselves with the enunciation of the gist of this article. Students and professional men are not injured so much by hard study as by hard eating; nor is severe study for a lifetime, of itself, incompatible with mental and bodily vigor to the full age of three score years and ten.

BESSIE LEE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

(Continued.)

JAN. 7. Two days gone, and not a word in my diary. Harry Lane did not ask for me last evening, though he stayed two hours, but said "Poor Bessie is sleepy," which cousin Lillie remarked, being interpreted, meant *stupid*. How could he know, if it was not his face at Mary Timon's window, that I needed rest? I replied to an advertisement for a teacher to-day, and inclosed a recommendation from Mr. Lane. When I asked him if he could give me one, he replied by calling for writing materials, and never

made one remark; did not even ask where I intended to go, or was polite enough to say he regretted my anticipated departure. My most common acquaintance would have done that, but I don't care, though I can't help thinking of it. I wonder why I do. The duties are to be so great in the new sphere I am about to enter, and I should like to have left him with friendship enough between us, to warrant the asking of a loan from his great stock of experience now and then; but, as I have before written, I don't care—not I. Wonder if I can't coax my hair into a dignified formula, for every day use, as it would carry people's fancy farther back in their conjectures in regard to my longevity.

Jan. 8. Harry called to bring me Willis' Sacred Poems, and as no one was in for the minute, he said, looking sadly, "Like, love's like, and Bessie Lee is a poem, sacred —"

"Just leave off the last word, and substitute manuscript in its place, then add, about to be published for the use of schools, and substantially bound in calf, and you will have said one of the most sensible things," I added, though I must confess I was sorry I said it, for I pained him by my interruption, and at the time I gave the compliment, I grew quite choked, when thinking it over, and was glad Lillie came in, so that I might come up to my room. I had hardly composed myself, when Jane entered, to say that Mr. Lane wished to know if I was ready to walk to Mary Timon's. How did he know I intended to go, I wonder? Jane held the door for a moment, as if revolving in her mind how she could accomplish some desired object, and then her face brightened up, as if she saw through the darkness, and said, "I will come to you by 12 o'clock." When I passed by her, she kissed the top of my head, as she had done many a time before, but never left with me an impression of my littleness, of my tiny stature, and how like a child I was to go forth into the world alone. My the object we had in view, with the



heart was quailing as I ran down stairs, but it was strong again as I saw Mr. Lane, with hat in hand, waiting in the hall. I felt as if all I lacked in perfection, both physical and mental, he made up to me, when by my side I took his arm, and for some minutes neither said a word. My heart was asking if he would miss me when I was gone, and the answer came immediately from his own lips:

"Bessie, remember you leave one true friend here, one too true to ask you to shrink from your purpose. You know the world only from the worst point—that of your own misjudging heart. Your opinions of life, of the world, are all wrong; you are miserably selfish in your decisions of some things, and nobly generous in others. You are young in years, but strong in determination. You are physically weak, but mentally a very hero. You have no easy task before you in the life you have chosen, but the task of subduing your own self, of crushing down the prejudices you gathered in your childhood, is the hardest of all. But you can—you *shall* accomplish it. Then, not till then, will you be happy. God bless you, Bessie Lee. Our paths in life diverge from this point. Yours will brighten—mine will go into the shadows of remembrance. I shall always know your circumstances, and it matters not to you of mine."

He put his strong arms about me, kissed my forehead, and pushed me almost rudely into Mary Timon's door, and left me too bewildered to speak one word in reply.

Mary's eyes were closed, and she did not stir. I thought it best not to waken her. I did not know I could not, and sat down, with my head resting on the stand by her bedside. How wildly beat my hitherto quiet heart! I, who did not believe one pulse grew still, or quickened for me, was exultant that there was in the world one who cared for me, even though we might never meet again, who could even reprove me, when about to separate, as he told me, forever. How his

voice trembled, and his arm quivered, as he said that our ways were no more together. How long these thoughts were hurrying through and through my mind I can not tell, but my heart was calling him to come back that I might thank him for wakening better hopes and brighter ambitions within me, when a step came on the old creaking threshold. Was it his? I could not tell why I did not raise my head—perhaps I could not. Presently Jane exclaimed, "She's gone!" and Mr. Lane's voice added reverently, "Thank God!" I knew from this that Mary Timon was in Heaven, and yet it did not waken one emotion, or stir a muscle. They thought I was weeping, until I did not reply to some inquiry, when those strong arms were once more about me, and I knew that I lay beside the worn-out tenement which once held Mary's soul. Jane bathed my face, and Mr. Lane chafed my hands. I was perfectly conscious all the time, but unable to utter a syllable.

"God help me if she dies," he said over and over again, and then added, "better go than look so long through a glass darkly." While Jane was preparing a restorative, he put his lips close to my ear, and whispered, "Bessie Lee, speak to me. I command you." My spirit must have answered his, for he sat down immediately, and his voice was calm and sweet as ever. When my eyelids began to feel more flexible, he rose, and said as there was nothing to be done till morning, he would remain no longer. He went out into the darkness and left us alone. "He is an iron man," I heard Jane say as the door closed. She would not have said that, if she had not been oblivious to his passionate exclamations of "God help me if she dies," which has been like a sad sweet hymn memory has not ceased for one moment since to chant. I recovered shortly, and we sat by the dead body till morning.

Jan. 14. Mary was buried yesterday, but it did not seem a sad funeral. Six persons followed her remains to their last resting-place, and not one



tear fell at the solemn sound of "Dust to dust." The village bell rang out its tale of the soul's departure, and it would have seemed, but for its measured tones, a jubilant anthem of some freed spirit. Like the pealing chimes of sunset bells, which call the world-weary to bring their burdens to Him who has promised to bind up the broken-hearted, and give the heavy-laden peace, seemed those tolling village chimes. Weston and Lillie, Mr. Lane, the clergyman and wife, and myself, were all who cared to know where the faithful creature slept. Harry never looked at me, and seemed entirely unconscious of my presence. He was much paler and thinner than I ever saw him.

Jan. 15. 0 0 0.

Jan. 16. 0 0 0.

Jan. 17. 0 0 0.

Jan. 18. A letter accepting my offer came to-day. I am partly glad and partly sorry. The letter read like a stereotyped one which had served for a similar occasion at the beginning of every quarter for at least a dozen years. The writer, Mrs. Nighton, expects much from my recommendations in the way of book-knowledge, but infers from my chirography that I do not include penmanship in the list of my accomplishments. She is a *tartar* I am sure. Then, as it is an *honor* to belong to the institution, the pay will not be as large as if it was all drudgery and nothing more. Nothing was said of my age — supposes it one of the things which ladies cease to mention, which she is glad to know, as it is a very uninteresting thing to converse upon. Well, I have nothing to hope for in the way of womanly friendships from Mrs. Nighton; but there will be young warm hearts, and I will open the closed portals of my own to them.

Jan. 19. Weston don't like to have me go after all. I believe he would be glad to alter my resolution, though he knows me too well to try it. Lillie looks blue, and says for a week past I have been quite companionable, and have not said a spiteful

thing of any one; and now I must take away my newly gathered sweetness to distribute among school-girls. No matter how mildly they utter their wishes to have me remain, it is like oil upon troubled water, and calms down my dislike to them wonderfully. Yet I can not give up my desire to combat the spirit of Mrs. Nighton. I knew my penmanship was like myself, rather angular, but she began to assume the role of her position a little too soon.

Jan. 31. What a place! what a principal! and what a school! I found myself before her majesty last evening, and eyes in wonder, that there were no wrinkles on my forehead, that I was a *mite* of a teacher, and had large hands and not a bit pretty. She was evidently disappointed in my appearance, though after the first look I did not find her eyes. She is about fifty years of age, and straight as if she had kept up the old-fashioned courtesy, as a salutation, and had never made a bow in her life. Her hair bears the marks of Gen. Twiggs' dye, and wears above it the tastiest little cap imaginable. Her dress is unexceptionable, and but for her *unbendable* figure, and her half-shut, never-still eyes, would be quite fine looking. She seems like a cat who pretends she don't care if the tortured mouse gets away, but is sure to spring in time to get it in her grasp, if it wanders too far off. Her sister, who is the music-teacher, and who is but twenty-five years of age — though her twin sister who is married is thirty-five — is very different. She looks uneasy, and keeps her eyes wide open, as if expecting that some time or other a twin brother of her twin sister's husband would relieve her from giving music-lessons, which science she knows very little about. This bit of gossip came to me from the full heart of a little girl whose fingers still ached from the explosive springs of the twin sister's fore finger and thumb on them, while trying to make her do what the sister could not accomplish herself. The house looks very pretty on the outside, and the



parlors, where the new teacher was received, are very pleasant. I find my room uncarpeted, with two tin wash-basins and a pail of water, for the daily ablutions of five girls who occupy the room with me, and myself. There is a stove in the room but no fire in it. All the comfort seems in the full sight of visitors, and the remainder of the house perfectly desolate. The girls are pleasant, and welcome me most cordially. How I hope they will love me. So much for the first day. My heart has wandered back again to cousin Weston's parlor. I wonder if there is any one who would be glad to see me. Mr. Lane never called on me after Mary Timon died, and cousin Weston jested about it, and said Mr. Lane was prudent, and kept away lest I should be in love with him. I own I should have been glad to see him before leaving.

*April 12.* Poor diary, how I have neglected you! The spring blossoms are peeping forth, and look gloriously beautiful in their freshness. The heart of Bessie Lee rejoices, as it never did before, over all earth's blessings. My pupils are busy over their lessons, happy in their anticipations of a visit home, but sorry to part with each other, and with me. So am I, for I have lived a real childhood in their sports and enjoyments, when the old "mouser" was not by to say it was not dignified for a young lady of my age to be happy. But 'tis almost gone. The principal has been spending the term in preparing the young ladies for a brilliant rehearsal at the end of the quarter, and I, with my usual antagonistic notions, have tried to make them comprehend a few of the rudiments of education, much to the chagrin of Mrs. Nighton, who did not like to waste the *honor* of being a member of the institution on such an unprofitable person. Had it not been for dear Mr. and Mrs. Porter, I believe I should have fallen into her ways, and put them through a thorough course of "courtseys," "superlative adjectives," and "language elongated." They bid me "God speed in

the right," and I fear the splendid commencement will be a magnificent failure. I have learned many a lesson, for all it came hand in hand with care and toil. The holiest and best is, that "Love comes with loving." The children taught me this, and so did Dr. Eldred Mason. I think the teachings of the last made me forget my diary.

How strange that he should follow me so far when he was scarcely civil to me while at home. How wonderingly my gray eyes stared at him, when he was announced in the "mouser's" parlor. I asked him what brought him to it, and he replied quietly:

"Miss Bessie Lee."

"I'm not ill, doctor," I replied.

"I should be sorry if you were, though I am."

"You! Why are you here?"

"For you to prescribe for me."

"What can I give you, when I do not know the diagnosis?"

"Yourself in one dose, and it is no matter about the symptoms."

"If I were an M. D., I should order you to be kept in close confinement as a dangerous lunatic, with the propensities of a cannibal."

"To be serious. Bessie Lee, if I came, and in earnest told you why I was here, you would have derided me. I know how you laugh at the holier emotions of our nature, and call love a myth, and hope a shadow. I met you with your own badinage, but, Bessie, I have loved you more than a year, as I never did, or can love another woman. I did not come here to waste my hours in cooing out poetry and sentiment, and you would hate me if I did. I have too sacred a profession to do that, however pleasant it might be for me. You do not love me—you have never dreamed of it. You are to stay here two months longer. In that time, think of me. If I have good qualities, remember them. If you can gather any affection in your heart for me, tell me when I come again. God bless you! Good morning."

Dr. Mason closed the door, and had I been transfixed I could not have been



more immovable. The "mouser" came and broke the spell by asking who the gentleman was. "The doctor," I replied, and left her to conjecture that he had called to feel my pulse, while in fact he had been probing my heart. He is very handsome, very manly, and devoted to his profession. How could he think of such a little homely thing as I, when almost any lady would gladly become Mrs. Mason? Had I been at home I should not have thought him in earnest, but he would not come so far to plague poor Bessie Lee. Had he been a bit humble I should have hated him. Why should not I love him? no one else will care for me, I am certain. I respect him, and surely that is a good basis for affection. I wonder how my recitations were that morning. I don't know I am sure.

A month after, Dr. Mason called, and Mrs. Nighton was present. He grew uneasy at the constant winking of her eyes, and diverted his mind by inquiring very minutely into the condition of my health, and in reply to a question of Mrs. Nighton's, said he thought by the appearance of the eyes, the affection had assumed a chronic form, and if she pleased, he would like to see his patient alone. She left the room in a very stately way, and the doctor bowed to the place where she made her exit, and then turning to me took out his watch, and said the cars returned in three-fourths of an hour.

"Bessie Lee, do you love me?"

"No."

"Not at all?"

"I begin to love everybody a little."

"I am included, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Would you marry me?"

"Yes! if I thought I could —"

"There is to be no contingencies — will you marry me? for by all that man holds sacred, you shall never be urged into a fulfillment of your promise, if within one year you should regret it."

"Yes."

"We will be very happy — you know I am eccentric. You will be satisfied with deeds of affection, but

*word-love* I do not understand. Good-by, dear little wife. In one year remember. Let me see your eyes once more. Good-by. No more teaching after this term, remember."

(To be continued.)

## RAISING STARS.

BY EDWIN BAKER.

[A chopper's child on seeing the sun and moon set, a shooting star, and comet, formed the following opinion of the origin of stars.]

You told me, ma, the God in heaven  
Made every twinkling star,  
And flung them whirling from his hand  
Into the empty air.

But when the sun went down to-night  
And set among the trees,  
It burned a place out of the woods,  
And set the sky a-blaze.

The smoke went up like pretty clouds,  
Where rainbows e'er might stay;  
And till the day had all gone out,  
I saw it float away.

The sharp, new moon went down, and God—  
A cloud was round his hand —  
Took hold of it, and with its horns  
I guess the land he plowed.

A star then fell out of the sky  
To seed the fallow down;  
For raising stars, God's got the land  
All cleared, and dragged, and sown.

Look out the window, mother! see,  
A star is now all grown,  
And going up into the sky,  
Like thistle-down half-blown!

I wish we lived up in the sky,  
God's works to see and hear;  
But I must lay down now to sleep,—  
"Good-night, good-night my dear."

MACHIAS, N. Y.

## LOVE.

GIVE me the depth of love that springs  
From friendship in misfortune grown,  
As ivy to the ruin clings,  
When every other hope has flown.

Give me that fond, confiding love,  
That naught but death itself can blight;  
A flame that slander can not move,  
But burns in darkness doubt bright.



## MY NIECE LIZZY.

MY little niece Lizzy is making me a long visit. Her witching smile and merry laugh are like sunshine and music in our dull old house. The first morning after her arrival she was up with the birds, and awoke me with the most cheerful of good mornings. During the next hour she had inspected the whole establishment from attic to cellar, peeped into every drawer and closet, displaced all the drawing room chairs, emptied my portfolio of choice engravings, ranging them in regular order on the carpet, and made such a revolution generally, that the very cat and dog seemed to be struck with wonder, and fell into a muse as to what these things might portend.

I was myself greatly annoyed at such lawless proceedings, but the little maiden seemed so brim full of innocent gaiety, and filled the sombre old rooms with such wild snatches of song, that I could not find it in my heart to chide her, but silently resolved that when the mischief was once repaired it should not occur again. So taking Lizzy by the hand, we went down to breakfast.

What droll mistakes she made at the table! What comical questions she asked! Even my stately maiden aunt, who has lived with me so many years, and is always so proper and dignified, even she relaxed almost into a smile at Lizzy's drollery, and became quite social over her toast and coffee. Altogether, it was the most cheerful breakfast we had eaten for many a day.

Having no nursery duties, and being a careful house-keeper, I generally spend part of my mornings in the kitchen. Thither I took Lizzy that I might have her under my own eye, but soon becoming absorbed in some very nice culinary operations, I entirely lost sight of my charge. Half an hour afterwards I bethought myself and went in search of her. And where, dear reader, do you think I found her? It being a very dewy morning the garden steps

were quite muddy. Upon the second of these steps, sat, or rather kneeled my little maiden, with a fine china bowl of water by her side, and the stove cloth in her hand. She was scrubbing away with the greatest vigor, now and then pausing to survey her labors with complacent delight. When I saw her clean white dress all dragged and bespattered with mud my impatience boiled over. "You naughty child you! What *are* you doing?" She started up at my chiding voice, with a frightened look, and exclaimed, "Don't, aunty, scold Lizzy." I could not have resisted that pleading look and quivering lip, even if she had broken my superb Christmas bowl, (though husband does say china is my hobby,) and so with soothing words I led her to my room.

Having washed and dressed her again, I took her to the parlor, and bidding her be very quiet, resumed my occupations. I was really annoyed. If there is anything that I detest, it is dirty children. How often have I recoiled in disgust from great lubberly, babies, with soiled faces and stained pinafores, brought into the parlor to be kissed. But what could I do with Lizzy, the wild, romping little witch? I could not always keep her by my side, and to leave her to herself was the same thing as to invite her to mischief. A bright idea struck me, and I resolved to act upon it at once.

Softly opening the drawing room door, I stood for a moment unobserved. There sat my poor little Lizzy upon one of my carved antique chairs, so high from the floor that the wonder was how she had ever mounted it, (there were no children's chairs or toys in our house,) gazing with a sort of helpless awe upon my aunt. That excellent lady had graciously condescended to tell the child a story. Now my aunt's story was rigidly true, and very edifying, interspersed also with moral observations, but being delivered in a stately, formal manner, failed entirely to penetrate the silly little head of my pet. It being finished, I invited Lizzy,



whose face was every moment lengthening, to assist me about the work. Quickly she slid from her high seat and came dancing and prancing to my side.

Arrayed in a long sleeved apron, prepared by her careful mother, Lizzy soon led the way into the kitchen. I told her I was going to prepare some pastry, and she should make some tarts for herself. So, giving her some dough and a small roller, I pointed to a corner of the table which she might have all to herself.

In the first place Lizzy undertook to define her position more exactly. She insisted on the vast importance of adjusting our territorial bounds with precision. Considerable time was spent in marking her frontier with narrow strips of dough, and she then proceeded to business.

Into what a busy, bustling dame was my demure nun of the last half hour now changed! What feats of skill she performed! Soyer, and all the French *artistes de cuisine* were nothing to her. How despotically she rolled that little piece of dough! How she moulded it — rolled it out — gathered it up again — patted and coaxed it — with what a grand flourish she brought the rolling pin down on the table! What furtive glances she stole across the table to see how I was progressing — then, what strange fantastic shapes she moulded — what serpents and creeping things, what headless trunks and goblins dire she evoked from the plastic dough. To see the little creature stand breathless while she gave the finishing touch to some master-piece of skill, and then hold it before me in proud triumph, was enough to make one amiable for the rest of the day.

Since that morning Lizzy and I get along famously together. She has added the accomplishment of laundress to that of pastry cook, displaying upon her little line, every Monday, vast stores of doll linen, which is elaborately ironed the following day. She has become a great botanist, bringing

in daily baskets of leaves, which she assort according to shape — detecting a minute shade of difference with the eye of a Linnæus. She is also inspector general of wood-boxes, apple-baskets, &c., making many toilsome journeys to replenish them, but when was ever a child afraid of work. Only give them a stimulus and what little Hercules they become.

I will not say that Lizzy is no trouble — that she never frets and annoys me. On the contrary, she is sometimes “under foot” in the very heat and bustle of that great climax of the day — dishing up dinner. Then she often plashes her clean apron, for a little girl takes to water like a duck, and longs for the time when, like Betty, she can rule the wash-tub and dabble all day in the sparkling foam. Her chief parlor amusement, suffered only on rare occasions, is the arrangement of the work box. With joyous eagerness she explores the wondrous treasure, and spreads out its hoarded wealth. Having duly inspected its contents, with various admiring comments, the work of reconstruction commences. Spools are ranged in due proportion, and skeins of shining silk are laid at length by their side; thimbles, scissors, and articles of frequent use are stored in secret cells, and at length everything, to Lizzy’s eye, is in beautiful order. Mark with what rueful face she follows aunty’s thoughtless hand as it demolishes the fair fabric in search of some stray tape or hidden ball.

Little Lizzy has taught me a useful lesson. Keep children employed. Do not immure them in the bright morning hours in the dull nursery, but let them sometimes share your household tasks. A soiled apron is better than a chafed, fretted, spoilt temper. If the busy zeal of children does sometimes make mischief, check the hasty word that rises to your lips, till you look into their little faces so unconscious of wrong, and the harsh reproof will turn to words of gentleness. VIATOR.



SAMUEL AND ELI; OR, THE  
FIRST BLUSH.

THE boy Samuel ministered unto the Lord, at Shiloh, before Eli the priest, and found favor with God and men; for he served the Lord in singleness of heart, and was obedient, and increased in wisdom.

But the sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were wicked lads, who cared not for the lord, and their sins were very great. One day they stood before the house of their father Eli, and the boy Samuel was with them, girded with a linen ephod. Then Hophni and Phinehas spoke wicked, shameless words to each other, and Samuel heard them, and blushed deeply, so that his countenance glowed like the setting sun.

Thus the boy blushed for the first time, for he had never before heard a wicked word spoken by any one. But the wicked lads scoffed at him, and held him in derision, because he blushed at their words, and Samuel turned himself away and wept.

Eli, who had heard all that had happened, came to the boy and said:—"My son, why weepest thou?"

Then answered Samuel: "Thy sons Hophni and Phinehas spoke wickedly before me; then my heart was moved, and it came like fire over my face, and they derided me." Then Eli embraced the boy Samuel, and lifted up his voice saying: "Alas! my son, weep not, and let not their mockery move thee, thou art the chosen one of the Lord; but what delights me in thee, fills my soul with grief for my own children, for if they themselves destroy the flower, how can they ever bring forth fruit?" And Eli wept for his sons, until his eyes were darkened; however, they did not cease to grieve his soul. But Samuel gladdened the heart of Eli, the priest, and walked uprightly before the Lord.

KRUMMACHER.

A widow's child is generally spoiled by the love of its mother.

## MELANCHOLY POETRY.

NOTHING in literature is more offensive than the melancholy, lackadaisical outpourings of grief and anguish with which our periodicals are filled. Almost every magazine and publication of every stamp has a corner occupied by some swain or damsel who pours from an overflowing fount a nauseating current of grief.

There is no sense in it. There is no truth in it. It is fictitious and sickly, and ought to be despised.

Real grief, true sorrow, always disciplines and chastens the heart, and a real sufferer, if he embodies his emotions in verse, will sound cheerful notes. The "joy of grief"—the pleasant melancholy which always characterizes the sorrow of the poet—this is not theirs. They see clouds, and where there are none, they shut their eyes and fancy them.

We always feel, when we meet with a poem by "Leonora Loneheart," entitled, "The Deserted," and commencing,

"Life has no light for me,  
My soul is dark and sad;"

like asking her, What's the matter? and the immediate response is, You eat hot biscuit, or drink strong coffee, or have a dyspepsia of the stomach, or you never would be afflicted with a dyspeptic brain. Get up early in the morning. Go to bed early at night. Eat coarse bread, bathe daily, and become healthy; or, if your bodily organs are in a sound condition, do not consume any more intellectual condiments. Read healthy books—think healthily, and you will never perpetrate such mournful, melancholy stuff. You've got a dyspepsia of the stomach or brain, depend upon it. Get rid of it, and then you will write genially, healthily, and be read and admired—if you ever can be.

THE daily round—the common task  
Will furnish all we ought to ask;—  
Room to deny ourselves—a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.



## KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THIS work has doubtless been more extensively read and sought after, than any which has appeared for many months. That Dr. Kane, with his venturesome and danger scorning party, should have returned at all to tell his story to the world, after the many perils he endured, can not fail to be a matter of wonder. With his slip left among the northern icebergs, frozen hopelessly in, he comes back to us on foot and on sledges, through the blinding snows, to tell us the wonders of a life in that region of winter and night. He had already passed one winter with its many months of darkness, frozen among the Arctic ice, and two years ago he gave his account of "The Grinnell Expedition," a work of thrilling interest, and perhaps more explicit in its delineations of Arctic life than the one which has now made its appearance. In order the more fully to show what Dr. Kane's experience in the northern seas has been, we will give a brief glance at this first voyage before turning our attention to the work which he has recently issued.

In 1850 he sailed with the *Advance* and *Rescue*, which had been fitted out by the liberality of Mr. Grinnell, to aid in the search of Sir John Franklin. Dr. Kane went out as medical official to the expedition, Lieut. De Haven commanding. Of his first task on being fairly out at sea, he says:

"I now began, with an instinct of future exigencies, to fortify my retreat. The only spot I could call my own was the berth. It was a sort of *bunk*—a right-angled excavation, of six feet by two feet eight in horizontal dimensions, let into the side of the vessel, with a height of something less than a yard. My first care was to keep water out, my second to make it warm. A bundle of tacks, and a few yards of India-rubber cloth, soon made me an impenetrable casing over the entire wood-work. Upon this were laid my Mormon wolf-skin and a somewhat ostentatious fur cloak, a relic of

former travel. Two little wooden shelves held my scanty library; a third supported a reading lamp, or, upon some occasions, a Berzelius' argand, to be lighted when the dampness made an increase of heat necessary. My watch ticked from its particular nail, and a more noiseless monitor, my thermometer, occupied another. My ink-bottle was suspended, pendulum-fashion, from a hook, and to one long string was fastened, like the ladle of a street-pump, my entire toilet, a tooth-brush, a comb, and a hair-brush.

"Now, when all these distributions had been happily accomplished, and I crawled in from the wet, and cold, and disorder of without, through a slit in the India-rubber cloth, to the very center of my complicated resources, it would be hard for any one to realize the quantity of comfort which I felt I had manufactured. My lamp burned brightly; little or no water distilled from the roof; my furs warmed me into satisfaction; and I realized that I was sweating myself out of my preliminary cold, and could temper down at pleasure the abruptness of my acclimation."

On the 17th of June, when drawing near to Davis's Straits, he makes the following entry in his journal:

"We are just 'turning in,' that is, seeking our den for sleep. It has been a long day, but to me a God-send, so clear and fogless. My time-piece points to half-past nine, and yet the sunshine is streaming down the little hatchway.

"Our Arctic day has commenced. Last night we read the thermometer without a lantern, and the binnacle was not lighted up. To-day the sun sets after ten, to rise again before two; and during the bright twilight interval he will dip but a few degrees below the horizon. We have followed him for some time past in one scarcely varying stack of brightness. The words night and day begin to puzzle me, as I recognize the arbitrary character of the hour cycles that have borne these names. Indeed, I miss that soothing



tranquillizer, the dear old darkness, and can hardly, as I give way to sleep, bid the mental good-night which travelers like to send from their darkened pillows to friends at home."

At Sukkertoppen he makes his first acquaintance with the kayak of the Esquimaux, of which he gives the following description:

"While we were standing upon deck, waiting for the boat to be manned which was to take us to the shore, something like a large Newfoundland dog was seen moving rapidly through the water. As it approached, we could see a horn-like prolongation bulging from its chest, and every now and then a queer movement, as of two flapping wings, which, acting alternately on either side, seemed to urge it through the water. Almost immediately it was alongside of us, and then we realized what was the much talked-of kayak of the Greenlanders.

"It was a canoe-shaped frame-work, carefully and *entirely* covered with tensely-stretched seal-skins, beautiful in model, and graceful as the nautilus, to which it has been compared. With the exception of an elliptical hole, nearly in its center, to receive its occupant, it was both air and water tight. Into this hole was wedged its human freight, a black-locked Esquimaux, enveloped in an undressed seal-skin, drawn tightly around the head and wrists, and fastened, where it met the kayak, about an elevated rim made for the purpose, over which it slipped like a bladder over the lip of a jar.

"The length of the kayak was about eighteen feet, tapering fore and aft to an absolute point. The beam was but twenty-one inches. When laden, as we saw it, the top or deck was at its center but two inches by measurement above the water-line. The waves often broke completely over it. A double-bladed oar, grasped in the middle, was the sole propeller. It was wonderful to see how rapidly the will of the kayaker communicated itself to his little bark. One impulse seemed to control both. Indeed, even

for a careful observer, it was hard to say where the boat ended, or the man commenced; the rider seemed one with his frail craft, an amphibious realization of the centaur, or a practical improvement upon the merman.

"These boats, not only as specimens of beautiful naval architecture, but from their controlling influence upon the fortunes of their owners, became to me subjects of careful study. I will revert to them at another time. As we rowed to the shore, crowds of them followed us, hanging like Mother Carey's chickens in our wake, and just outside the sweep of our oars."

Upon the Arctic Highlands, near Cape York, he gives an account of the vegetation he meets with:

"Strange as it seemed, on the immediate level of snow and ice, the constant infiltrations, aided by solar reverberation, had made an Arctic garden-spot. The surface of the moss, owing, probably, to the extreme alternations of heat and cold, was divided into regular hexagons and other polyhedral figures, and scattered over these, nestling between the tufts, and forming little groups on their southern faces, was a quiet, unobtrusive community of Alpine flowering plants. The weakness of individual growth allowed no ambitious species to overpower its neighbor, so that many families were crowded together in a rich flower-bed. In a little space that I could cover with my pea-jacket, the veined leaves of the pyrola were peeping out among chickweeds and saxifrages, the sorrel and ranunculus. I even found a poor gentian, stunted and reduced, but still, like every thing around it, in all the perfection of miniature proportions.

"As this mossy parterre approached the rocky walls that hemmed it in, tussocks of sedges and coarse grass began to show themselves, mixed with heaths and birches; and still further on, at the margin of the horse-shoe, and fringing its union with the stupendous piles of debris, came an annulus of Arctic shrubs and trees.

"Shrubs and trees! the words recall



a smile, for they only typed those natives of another zone. The poor things had lost their uprightness, and learned to escape the elements by trailing along the rocks. Few rose above my shoes, and none above my ankles; yet shady alleys and heaven-pointing avenues could not be more impressive examples of creative adaptation. Here I saw the bleaberry in flower and in fruit—I could cover it with a wine-glass; the wild honeysuckle of our Pennsylvania woods—I could stick the entire plant in my button-hole; the *Audromeda tetragona*, like a green marabou feather.

"Strangest among these transformations came the willows. One, the *Salix herbacea*, hardly larger than a trefoil clover; another, the *S. glauca*, like a young althea, just bursting from its seed. A third, the *S. lanata*, a triton among these boreal minnows, looked like an unfortunate garter-snake, bound here and there by claw-like radicles, which, unable to penetrate the inhospitable soil, had spread themselves out upon the surface—traps for the broken lichens and fostering moss which formed its scanty mould."

He also describes an attempt to visit the auks' nests at the same point:

"On the steeper flanks of these rocky cones the little auks had built their nests. The season of incubation, though far advanced, had not gone by, for the young fledgelings were looking down upon me in thousands; and the mothers, with crops full of provender, were constantly arriving from the sea.

"Urged by a wish to study the domestic habits of these little Arctic emigrants at their homestead, I foolishly clambered up to one of their most popular colonies, without thinking of my descent.

"The angle of deposit was already very great, not much less than fifty degrees; and as I moved on, with a walking-pole substituted for my gun, I was not surprised to find the fragments receding under my feet, and

rolling, with a resounding crash, to the plain below. Stopping, however, to regain my breath, I found that above, beneath, around me, every thing was in motion. The entire surface seemed to be sliding down. Ridiculous as it may seem to dwell upon a matter apparently so trivial, my position became one of danger. The accelerated velocity of the masses caused them to leap off in deflected lines. Several uncomfortable fragments had already passed by me, some even over my head, and my walking-pole was jerked from my hands and buried in the ruins. Thus helpless, I commenced my half-involuntary descent, expecting momentarily to follow my pole, when my eye caught a projecting outcrop of feldspar, against which the strong current split into two minor streams. This, with some hard jumps, I succeeded in reaching.

"As I sat upon the temporary security of this little rock, surrounded by falling fragments, and awaiting their slow adjustment to a new equilibrium before I ventured to descend, I was struck with the Arctic originality of every thing around. It was midnight, and the sun, now to the north, was hidden by the rocks; but the whole atmosphere was pink with light. Over head and around me whirled innumerable crowds of auks and ivory gulls, screeching with execrable clamor, almost in contact with my person. On the frozen lake below, contrasting with its snowy covering, were a couple of ravens, fighting zealously for a morsel of garbage; and high up, on the crags above me, sat some unmoved, phlegmatic burgomasters.

"I missed my opportunity of inspecting the nests of the auks. They issued from the crevices between the detached fragments, and, it is probable, deposited their eggs, like other *Uria*, upon the naked rock. Some of the men succeeded in reaching their squabs by introducing their arms. It is said that the Esquimaux trap them by spreading out their clothing opposite these apertures, so that the birds,



when disturbed, pass into and fill the sleeves and legs."

In the early part of November they bid adieu to the sunlight, and on the 25th he says:

"Our daylight to-day was a mere name, three and a half hours of meagre twilight. I was struck for the first time with the bleached faces of my messmates. The sun left us finally only sixteen days ago; but for some time before he had been very chary of his effective rays; and our abiding-place below has a smoky atmosphere of lamplit uncomfortableness. No wonder we grow pale with such a cosmetic. Seventy-seven days more without a sunrise! twenty-six before we reach the solstitial point of greatest darkness!"

Here is some little clue to the effects of the cold:

"All our eatables became laughably consolidated, and after different fashions, requiring no small experience before we learned to manage the peculiarities of their changed condition. Thus, dried apples became one solid breccial mass of impacted angularities, a conglomerate of sliced chalcedony. Dried peaches the same. To get these out of the barrel, or the barrel out of them, was a matter impossible. We found, after many trials, that the shortest and best plan was to cut up both fruit and barrel by repeated blows with a heavy ax, taking the lumps below to thaw. Sour-cROUT resembled mica, or rather talcose slate. A crowbar with chiseled edge extracted the *laminæ* badly; but it was perhaps the best thing we could resort to.

"Sugar formed a very funny compound. Take *q. s.* of cork raspings, and incorporate therewith another *q. s.* of liquid gutta percha or caoutchouc, and allow to harden: this extemporaneous formula will give you the brown sugar of our winter cruise. Extract with the saw; nothing but the saw will suit. Butter and lard, less changed, require a heavy coal chisel and mallet. Their fracture is concho-

idal, with hæmatitic (iron-ore pimpled) surface. Flour undergoes little change, and molasses can at twenty-eight degrees be half scooped, half cut by a stiff iron ladle.

"Pork and beef are rare specimens of Florentine mosaic, emulating the lost art of petrified visceral monstrosities seen at the medical schools of Bologna and Milan: crow-bar and handspike! for at thirty degrees the ax can hardly chip it. A barrel sawed in half, and kept for two days in the caboose house at seventy-six degrees, was still as refractory as flint a few inches below the surface."

Long before this their ships were frozen firmly in the ice, and they were drifting with the pack helplessly through the Arctic seas. He says:

"On the twelfth of September, while attempting with a free top-gallant breeze to make our way to the east, the thermometer indicating a mean daily temperature of fourteen or eighteen degrees below the freezing point, the sea was observed to gradually thicken around us. A pastry sludge, formed of crystals broken up by the action of the waves, began to resolve itself into those polyhedral plates described by Scoresby under the name of pancake ice.

"As the wind increased, these were rolled into actual spheroids; their forces being regulated by the laws which control equally compressed spheres, giving rise to a rudely pentagonal arrangement not unlike a tessellated pavement. To such an extent had this increased by the night of the 13th, that we lost all power of progress.

"When morning opened around us, we found ourselves in the midst of a great arena of five-sided tiles, marked at their lines of junction by a slightly uplifted ridge: this would already bear a man. From this moment until the date of our escape, nine months after, our sails were without use; and our movements, as well as our destinies, were regulated by our ice-jailer. By the twentieth of October, the floe immediately about us was twenty



inches thick; and it had so interlocked itself with other ice-fields of different diameters, that to the eye it became a part of a great plain, terminated only by the headlands of the shores, and a narrow water-channel which separated us from them.

"As long as we continued in Wellington Channel, our ice had not acquired its full firmness and tenacity; its structure was granular and almost spongy, its mass infiltrated with salt water, and its plasticity such that it crumbled and molded itself to our form under pressures which would otherwise have destroyed us.

"By the time we had reached the middle of Barrow's Straits, and the winter's midnight of December had darkened around us, our thermometers indicating a mean of fifteen and twenty degrees below zero, the ice attained a thickness of three feet, with an almost flinty hardness, and a splintery fracture at right angles to its horizontal plane."

From this time until the eighth of June they remained thus frozen in, and the *Advance* was lifted by the forming of the ice, upon her side, so that for months together they clambered up and down about the deck. Of their final release he says:

"Even keel again! Once more floating ship-fashion, in a ship's element. It was between twelve and one o'clock this morning, (Sunday.) Murdaugh went down upon the fragment, which was still adhering to our star-board side. He had hardly rested his weight upon it, when, with certain hurried, scarcely premonitory grindings, it cleared itself. He had barely time to scramble up the brig's side, tearing his nails in the effort, before, with crash and turmoil, it tumbled up to the surface, letting us down once more into clear water. When I reached the deck, I could hardly realize the level, horizontal condition of things, we had been accustomed to this up and down hill work so long."

In January he speaks thus of the evils of the long night they were enduring:

"I long for day. The anomalous host of evils which hang about this vegetation in darkness are showing themselves in all their forms. My scurvy patients, those I mean on the sick-list, with all the care that it is possible to give them, are perhaps no worse; but pains in the joints, rheumatisms, coughs, loss of appetite, and general debility, extend over the whole company. Fifteen pounds of food per diem are consumed reluctantly now, where thirty-two were taken with appetite on the 20th of October. We are a ghastly set of pale faces, and none paler than myself. I find it a labor to carry my carbine. My fingers cling together in an ill-adjusted *plexus*, like the toes in a tight boot, and my long beard is becoming as rough and rugged as Humphrey of Gloster's in the play."

Here is a sketch of one of the anxious attempts to procure meat for the scurvy stricken crew:

"To-night finds me knocked up. Be it known, that after crawling on my belly, not like the wisest of animals, for two hours, I came nearly within shot of a week's fresh meat. The fresh meat dived, first shaking his whisker tentacles at my disconsolate beard, leaving me half-frozen and wholly discontented. Fool-like, after the long walk back, the warming, the drying, and the feeding, I returned by the other long walk to the ice-openings, tramped for two hours, saw nothing but frost-smoke, and came back again, dinnerless, with legs quaking, and spirits wholly out of tune."

And here is a bear hunt:

"This afternoon, while walking deck, this endless deck, with Murdaugh, we discovered a bear walking tranquilly alongside, nearly within gunshot. We have lost so many opportunities by the bustle and ignorance of an universal chase, that I crawled out to attack him alone. To my sorrow, the brute, who had been gazing at the shipdog-fashion and curious, turned tail. He was out of range of my carbine, but I gave him the ball as he ran in his right hind



quarter. He fell at once, and I thought him 'secure; but rising instantly, he turned upon his wounded haunch, and, very much as a dog does at a bee-sting, bit spasmodically at the wound. For a little while he spun round, biting the bloody spot with a short, probing nip; and then, before I could reload my piece, started off at a limping but rapid gait. I mention this movement on account of the very curious fact which follows. The animal had found the ball, seized it between the incisors, and *extracted* it. The bullet is now in my possession, distinctly marked by his teeth.

"After a very tedious and harassing pursuit, I came up to him at the young ice. He stood upon the brink of the lead. I was within long shot, and about to make preparations for a more deliberate and certain aim, when he took to the water, and then to the opposite young ice, bleeding and dropping every few yards.

"Joined by Daly, a bold, bull-headed Irishman, I crossed by a circuitous channel, and then took to the young ice myself, and tried to run him down. It was very exciting; and I fear I was not as prudent as I ought to have been; for a dense fog had gathered around us, and the young floe, level as the sea which it covered, was but two nights old. The bear fell several times; and at last, poor fellow, dragged himself by his fore feet, trailing his hind quarters over the incrustated snow, so as to leave a long black imprint stained by blood."

Once free from the ice, they sailed for Goodhaven, where they recruited, and turned again toward the north; but the summer was unpropitious, and they made but little progress with their search during the season. Dr. Kane thus closes his account of the expedition:

"We left the settlements of Baffin's Bay on the 6th of September, 1851, grateful exceedingly to the kind-hearted officers of the Danish posts; and after a run of some twenty-four days, unmarked by incident, touched our na-

tive soil again at New York. Our noble friend, Henry Grinnell, was the first to welcome us on the pier-head."

### THE WIFE.

MISS BREMER beautifully expresses a good wife's duty: "If you will learn the seriousness of life, and its beauty also, live for your husband; be like the nightingale to his domestic life; be to him like the sunbeams between the trees; unite yourself inwardly to him; be guided by him; make him happy and then you will understand what is the best happiness of life, and will acquire, in your own eyes, a worth with God and with man.

Home is the residence not merely of the body but of the heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves; for children to love and to learn, and play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together, and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home; if we are not happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

### A SCRAP.

As mariner long tempest tossed,  
On ocean's angry waste,  
When thirsting, quaffs the briny flood,  
Yet finds his thirst increased,  
Then looks with wishful heart and eye  
Toward his native home,  
And views — his mind's own imagery —  
As from the rock they come,  
The sparkling drops of water fall  
Into the fountain old,  
And longs to quench his raging thirst  
With draught so pure and cold;  
So I long tossed on time's dark wave,  
And drinking human lore  
To quench the growing thirst of mind,  
Yet thirsting more and more;  
Look wishful toward that sweet home,  
And that pure fount so bright,  
Where myriads of kindred minds  
Take draughts of living light —  
A fount exhaustless in its store,  
And ever fresh as youth, —  
There I shall drink forevermore:  
It is the fount of Truth.

HESPER.



THE FRETFUL HOUSE-WIFE; OR,  
WHO'S TO BLAME!

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"THAT Mrs. Jenkins is an awful piece. I don't see how Jenkins stands it; good easy soul; he lets her scold away, and never seems to mind it at all; don't even seem to hear. Well, I reckon that's the best thing he can do; but I tell you, now, if I had such a woman, I'd find some way to shut her up, and if I couldn't, I'd set fire to the house, and run away by the light of it, for a scold I never would live with. Let's see, you came pretty nigh marrying Lydia yourself, didn't you? It seems to me there used to be such a talk."

"Yes, I'll own up, we were engaged, as the young folks say — but things didn't prosper with me, and the wedding was put off, and we got into a little squabble, like; I believe I was to blame, and we agreed to part company, and I married Agnes, and Lydia turned about and married Joe."

This was said with a deep sigh, as if there was something struggling in the speaker's heart, that was not uttered.

"I reckon you thank your stars for the deliverance," said the other speaker. "I don't know," said the first, slowly. "Lydia was one of the keenest, smartest girls in the country then, and nobody ever thought of her turning out a scold; she was as merry as a bird, and her wild song, as she tripped along with her milk pail in the morning, had no twang of the termagant in it. I used to think she was one of the neatest and sweetest tempered of her sex. But she is mightily changed." And the man of forty sighed again, as he whittled the bit of pine shingle to a point.

"There is no telling what a woman will be at forty, by the sign of eighteen; is not that so, Mrs. Tyler?" This was addressed to a good looking, benevolent woman, who had joined the two former on the porch, where they were chatting away the twilight hour after their day's work.

"Not always," replied the lady addressed, "for a woman at eighteen may be moulded into an angel or demon, by the surroundings of her after life, sometimes —"

"We were talking of Mrs. Jenkins — she frets his life out of him."

"Better say he frets hers out of her," replied the lady, with spirit.

"Never was there a pleasanter girl than Lydia when she married Joe Jenkins; active, energetic, orderly, ambitious and affectionate. She was calculated to make a house as happy as woman could. She was refined and delicate; Joe was coarse and rough; she was a pink of neatness, he a sloven; she loved the beautiful, he could not tell the difference between a rose and a burdock; she was orderly and systematic, he was completely the reverse; she was warm and genial as a May morning, he as cold and repulsive as an icicle in November. So they commenced life; she worked hard, early and late, to get along; he loitered and laid in bed, made excuses, put off, procrastinated, let things go wrong, and by his neglect and carelessness, doubled all her cares. I knowed just how it all began; for I lived with her five years; she never meant to be a scold, never; it come by degrees." "Come Mr Jenkins," she would say, "can't you split me a little wood, my bread is almost ready for the oven." "Yes, pretty soon — where's the ax? — whose had that ax? I wish the ugly children —" "Why, Mr. Jenkins, don't speak so —" "Well, its enough to try the patience of Job — never can find anything when I want it."

"You should put it in its place then yourself, when you use it."

"I did. I left it at the wood pile."

"No you did not. You left it down by the barn, where you was mending the bars."

"Humph! so I did." And off Joe would go after the ax, find the pigs in the corn for want of care in the fences, put off after the pigs full run, drive them out half-mile from the house, meet a neighbor, get upon the



fence and talk an hour, forgetting all about the wood. In the mean time Lydia would run for the ax, chop her own wood, and manage somehow to have the bread all right, for nothing is ever wrong in her department, and Joe would not see nor know that he had not in the slightest transgressed. The house leaked down rain upon her head for five years, and she could not induce him to mend the roof. The crops were never planted, nor never gathered in season. The fences were left till half he did raise was destroyed by unruly cattle. The cistern would leak by the year together; a man's labor a half a day would repair it. But he would go to town and stay three days in the week, and not get back till midnight. If she made a little garden, the gates were left off the hinges and it was destroyed. He often laid abed in the morning till called the third or fourth time to breakfast, while she milked the cow with a babe in her arms, carried in wood, and run to the garden for what was needed. He always kept a great family and little help. I was but a child then. He never put anything in place, left everything where he used it, never cleaned his feet, or took the least pains to save her labor, and instead of helping her to govern the boys as they grew up, by his own careless habits, his waiting, putting off, and want of energy he taught them to follow in his ways.

Little by little Lydia learned to scold. Every day for a year, she would have to remind him that the bucket was down in the well, or the cistern pump needed mending. All things she would have righted herself, but she never had money, for Joe's carelessness left him always in debt, and these debts were an excuse for everything. He was mean in all little things. He would let ten dollars go to waste outside for the want of an hour's care, yet scold her or the children for wasting a goose quill or lucifer match, or half a sheet of paper in a letter; easy and good natured for the most part, yet turbulent and abusive, when things went

wrong for him, as they usually did. Lydia's good humored, joyous disposition and gentleness of spirit gradually wore out to him, though she was pleasant, as he used to say, to every one else. Now, to worry is grown a habit, and he *takes it easy*, never trying to please her in any one thing.

"It is no use" he says, "to try to please her. She will fret. If he mends the cisterns she would find fault about the roof, and if he stopped the leak she would want the spouts put up, and if that was done, she'd remember that the garden was behind time, and when that was brought up, the door yard would need mowing or manuring, or the trees pruning, and so its no use." Poor wretched man. He never tried putting all to rights at once, to see its effect. So for twenty-five years poor Mrs. Jenkins has toiled almost day and night to keep along, and by dint of fretting, coaxing and toiling has raised a pretty respectable family. But they all think "mother scolds," and her reason for all this quadrupled labor, is a worn out nervous system, a face wrinkled and old, a spirit broken, and the name of Fretful Housewife. Who is to blame? I ask you candidly and seriously, gentlemen, if you could either of you be patient and forbearing at all times, if you had to live with such a man as Joe Jenkins? He is lazy, dogmatical, slovenly, and cold hearted. Lydia is exactly the reverse. There, there she is now driving the cows out of the cabbage, and there he is, as usual, down by the grocery smoking his pipe, and talking to old Phelps. He's half drunk. I suppose somebody will say his wife scolded him into it.

"Hang his lazy picture," said the first speaker, "I believe all he does is to talk; he's good at that." The other got up and walked away, sighing: "Lydia ain't all to blame."

He was thinking, no doubt, of "what might have been."

There are a great many Lydia Jenkins in this world — fretful women, who get a hard name simply because



somebody else never lives up to duty — good house-keepers, good wives, good mothers, good neighbors — no fault to be found with them, but “they scold.”

Look at the other side of the picture. Husbands, that are men perhaps of mind, and character, and even wealth, yet so careless and neglectful of little things, so thoughtless of a wife's comfort and happiness, and so fearful of her acting herself, as to restrict her to just what they think necessary; and would be offended, and feel their dignity infringed upon, were she to take the responsibility of hiring a man to chop her wood, or spade her garden — thus curbing and fretting minds as earnest and independent as their own, and filling their paths with little annoyances, that make the whole life a bitterness, simply because they know and feel that these things are all unnecessary, and might be removed without an effort by the very hands that place them in their way.

It is much easier for most minds to bear great afflictions, than to be cheerful under constantly recurring petty vexation, and it is a noticeable fact, that most fretful women bear unavoidable trials with patient fortitude. There are peevish, fretful women, hosts of them, that have no excuse but a morbid temper. But in judging of the character of a woman, of whom the world says: “she does nothing amiss, but scold,” look at both sides of the question, and see who is to blame.

### REMINISCENCES.

INSCRIBED TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

BY MRS. J. A. DENNIS.

Cold winter's hand is on us, stern and drear,  
His mandate now; — but when the infant  
year  
Was usher'd, she did greet us with a smile,  
Like spring's own greeting. It was a tran-  
sient wile,  
For now the storm-king rules; we feel his  
power,  
And how submissive; — yet the passing hour  
Bears witness of a shrinking heart, unblest  
With balm of healing, — writhing in unrest,  
And sorrowing thoughts are born, — and  
shadows dance

Between me and the light. My childhood's  
home,  
And childish days are here, — the season  
brings  
Back from their graves, as, borne on airy  
wings,  
The memories of the past, — and each en-  
twined  
With some sweet Souvenir. With the win-  
try wind  
Comes the remembrance of those early days,  
We gathered 'round the hearth, whose cheer-  
ful blaze  
Shown on a happy group; no blight was  
there,  
No brow was darken'd; envy, strife, nor care  
Found entrance: shall my wayward, erring  
heart  
Arraign that wisdom, that has given my part  
Among the sorrowing? shall that heart re-  
pine,  
That far from those I love this form of mine  
At last shall rest? shall murmuring tho'ts  
arise,  
While with the crowd I feel no sympathies,  
That ease, and wealth, and splendor, were  
denied;  
That, far below where sit, in princely pride  
The heartless throng, I stood, and stand alone,  
Unenvied, all unknowing and unknown?  
Shall envy rankle where but love should glow,  
Pois'ning the springs whence purest streams  
should flow?  
No; rather let me count my mercies o'er, —  
Confess my ill deserts, and mercy still implore.  
My sister, when the spring is bright with  
flowers,  
I call to mind the rosy-tinted hours,  
When, 'neath the leaves the autumn-winds  
had strewn  
We sought for violets; moss had overgrown  
The shaded knolls, along the wood-paths,  
where  
We trimmed the wild-flower-wreaths to deck  
our hair,  
Or wandered where the brooklet, in its play,  
Caught spring's bright span, and rippled far  
away,  
Or gather'd pebbles from the limpid stream,  
Rubies to us, in childhood's golden dream;  
With what delight I led thee first to school,  
Yet feared, lest thou — infringing some strict  
rule,  
The penalty incurred — “The Master's”  
brow,  
So stern, so dark, methinks I see it now,  
As when some luckless wight “the rules” had  
broke.  
Who'd be a child again, and bear the yoke,  
Imposed in by-gone days! — how straight  
and prim  
We sat, nor dared to move an aching limb,  
And feared, almost, the dreaded “master's”  
chair,  
And cou'd our “lessons” with a painful care.



That "Reign of Terror," — can I call it less?  
 Is o'er; a brighter day has dawned, to bless  
 The rising sun; the law of kindness rules,  
 And forms the basis of our public schools;  
 The teacher, ever mindful of the good,  
 The health, the comfort of his numerous  
     brood,  
 Is loved, and loves in turn; to *me* the hours  
 Would pass, like those I've spent among the  
     flowers,  
 With music breathing 'round; here music  
     too,  
 Blends with their daily labors, warbling thro'  
 Their sterner tasks, making them ever new.

The summer brings remembrance, too, of  
     thee;  
 The old farm-orchard, with its spreading tree  
 Was witness of our sports, our mimic play,  
 We never thought too long the summer day,  
 And there our brother joined us; he whose  
     years  
 So soon were numbered, sister, could the  
     tears  
 Of bitter anguish win our loved one back?  
 Would we recall them, to the toilsome track  
 We filled so wearily? when autumn hours  
 Are welcomed by the many color'd flowers,  
 Then too, I think of thee; sweet voices come,  
 Reminding of a home, — a later home  
 Than that our childhood knew; the prattling  
     boy  
 We loved so well, — I scarcely knew whose  
     joy  
 Was greater, thine or mine; too fondly loved,  
 My gentle, fragile boy! — Death, all un-  
     moved  
 By tears and anguish, tore from our embrace  
 Our dearest idol; time can ne'er efface  
 The memory of *that* hour; in autumn-time,  
 We laid him to his rest. The pealing chime  
 Of evening bells recalls me from the past,  
 And wakes me to the present, hastening past  
 To usher in the future; shall we know,  
 In that dim future, more of joy, or woe?  
 No answer, yet when tempest-blasts assail  
 Our little bark, we fain would lift the vail,  
 And read its pages; creatures of the dust,  
 Faithless and fearful, we no longer trust  
 The unerring Pilot. Restless heart! be still!  
 Cheerful and trusting, seek to know His will.

But lo! the night is waning, and the bell  
 Warns of the hour for rest; sweet sister, fare  
     thee well.

BUFFALO, Jan. 1857.

## THE FURNITURE OF A HOME.

AS we make our homes, so are we  
 A made by them. Their character  
 is a reflex of ours, and ours of theirs.  
 We may read unerringly the outlines

of the characters of the inmates of a home by the home itself. And we may draw no uncertain conclusions respecting a man's dwelling and its indwelling spirit, from a survey of himself when away from home.

Such being the importance of this sacred spot it should be the pleasure of all to consider well what it ought to be made. As this season brings domestic establishments into special prominence, we shall take occasion to offer some hints respecting the furniture of a home. Upholsterers, cabinet-makers, painters, whitewashers, &c., together with innumerable other handicrafts-men, will supply all information respecting *material* furniture, useful and ornamental, which every comfortable home needs. But mahogany, rosewood, brocatelle, tapestries, gilt, however expressive they may be of refined taste and substantial comfort, cannot compensate for the lack of other furniture, without which a home becomes the lodging of misery, or the luxurious bauble of discontented pride.

The first and most important article in a true home is *love*. That polishes all other furniture, beautifying every domestic arrangement, converts a cottage into a palace, embalms every joy, and if trouble comes, it

"Smooths the raven down of darkness,  
 'Till it smiles."

Whoever has the temerity to think of a home without love as its first and chief requisite, will find that his dwelling will speedily become to him what the frozen peak of Caucasus was to the vulture-eaten Prometheus — a place of torment.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Love, like some curious puzzle-boxes of modern invention, contains within itself many valuable articles for domestic use, among which may be enumerated forbearance, patience, courtesy, gentleness, mutual respect, and tender sympathy. These wait on love, and in her service render an earthly home a fit miniature of heaven.



Intellectual lamps will also be needed to light up the apartments of a true home with transcendent beauty. Gas and candelabras may be of service, but their light has a melancholy splendor when it shines upon ignorant dunces, witless pretenders, and shallow pated popinjays; who ask for no other light than such as will display their plumage. Very gloomy is the home in which no other light shines than such as may be extracted from tallow, sperm, rosin or coal. It may flit the ghosts of ignorance, superstition, folly, delusion, turning home into an inferno, and its inmates into embryo fiends. Good books, well read — good papers, well selected — improving conversation, having an elevated purpose — good friends, such as few find, because they do not look into the right places for them — these illuminate home with light that never grows dim.

Religion is another indispensable article of furniture in a good home. Not the religion of form, nor of ambitious pretension, nor of Pharisaic austerity, nor of Sadducean laxity — but that religion which teaches the fear of the Lord, and leads its possessor to a daily imitation of Christ.

## A GOOD NAME.

MR. STORE, the captain of a fine vessel, was one day leisurely wandering on the beach at Portsmouth. His hands were in his pockets, and he was anxiously watching the direction of the wind.

Ever and anon he turned his gaze at the beautiful vessel before him, and remembered with no small pleasure, that through his own industry and exertions he had attained in it the rank of captain. Mr. Store was an honest, kind-hearted man, and I believe one who embraced and loved the truth as it is in Jesus. He was just engaged in the above contemplations, when he was touched by some one on the arm. He turned round, and saw a bright, rosy-faced little boy, of about ten years of age, standing beside him.

"Please, sir," began the child, before Mr. Store had time to speak, "don't you want a cabin-boy?"

"Yes, my little fellow, I do; can you tell me of one?"

"Why, sir, I was going to ask if you would take me; I should be very glad, for I want a place."

"What is your name, my boy? and where do you live?"

"Please, sir, my name's Bill Jones, and I lives in Lonnon."

"Well," said Mr. Store, laughing, "that is a very plain answer, certainly. London is a large place, my little man, and Jones not a very uncommon name, so I am afraid I should be a long time finding out where you live when I go to learn your character."

"Please, sir, I ain't got no character."

"No character! oh, you are in a bad case, then." But feeling interested in the child, he beckoned for him to sit by his side on the beach, and kindly asked him what his father was.

"I ain't got no father, sir, nor yet no mother; they died when I was quite little, and ever since I have lived in Lonnon with my aunt, at least, at night; I goes to school all day. But aunt's getting so old, she says I must begin to work for myself now."

"Have you no brothers and sisters? and why did you come so far to seek employment?"

"No, sir, there's only me, and I comed here 'cause I always wanted to go to sea."

"But, my boy, what do you mean by saying you have no character?"

"Why, aunt can't write, and so she said she could not give me any, and my school-master was out, or else he would have given me one."

"Oh! I understand; you mean you have no written character; though I suppose if I go and see your school-master, I can learn what sort of a boy you are; but I am afraid I have no time now, for as soon as the wind changes I am off. What have you got there?" (pointing to a book he held in his hand.)

"Please, sir, that's my prize."



Mr. Store took it from him, and saw written on the title page, "William Jones, a reward for industry and good conduct, at St. B . . . school, London."

"Well," said Mr. Store, "that's capital! I see you have got a good name at school;" and pleased with the boy's open, frank countenance, and simple manners, he said, "That, at all events, is a good character. I have half a mind to take you with me, for I certainly must have some one, and I have not much time to seek for a lad, and I am not going a long voyage this time."

The boy was delighted, and promised to do his best to merit this kindness; and he afterwards fully proved that he deserved the character the school-master had given him, for by his steady good conduct he was eventually raised to the rank only next below the captain himself, thus proving the inestimable value of a *good name*.

Oh! none can tell the inestimable value of a *good name*. Get it, my little friend; do all you can to get it. It will serve you well one of these days, as it did Bill Jones. It is true God looks at the heart, and judges of us by this. But other people cannot see our hearts, and judge us by what we say and do. You may try and get the approval of good people, as well as of God. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

## THE DRESS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

**W**INTER, with its keen blasts, is upon us. The frost is chilling the earth, and the wind's cold breath causes us to draw our shawls closer around us as we quicken our pace in walking. Thicker, warmer, and more abundant clothing is needed for this season of the year. Woman loads her shoulders with cloaks and furs, yet how is it with her feet and limbs? With the mass of your ladies, the same style of drawers answer for any

weather, no matter how hot or cold. while the thin stocking and thinner shoe must adorn the feet, lest they look large and awkward. All this is suicidal, and fits thousands for the consumptive's doom; yet those who remain will not take warning by the fate of others, which they call an untimely blight or "dispensation of Providence."

Women and girls, as you hope for life and health, go to the shoemaker's and have your feet measured for a good substantial pair of strong, warm shoes or boots for the winter. Throw your paper soles and cloth tops in the clothes-press until next summer; at least do n't step on the damp ground or cold pavement, unless you have a cork sole or rubber for protection. Then make for yourself some thick, warm drawers for the winter, and leave those dainty, delicate, embroidered ones for a more fitting season. Remember there is more need of keeping the limbs warm, than of loading the chest and shoulders with such a super-abundance of cotton and furs as are used, pressing the respiratory organs into close confinement, until the labored efforts necessary to fulfill their mission, rob them of half their strength.

Mothers, dress yourselves as though you were endowed with thought and common sense. Consult health and comfort, though it may interfere with the dictates of fashion. Learn that strength and rosy cheeks are a far higher type of beauty than gossamer frailty and weak dependence. Then do your duty to your children; do not let your folly and weakness curse their after life with the mildew blight of settled and irremediable disease and suffering.

Every woman should study the laws which govern her physical being, else she is unfitted for the wife's and mother's duty, and should never take this responsible position. She should have her anatomical, physiological, and hygienic works, and should study them with discrimination and care. But most of all should she permit her own



native judgment to have a natural working, else she is but a machine operated on by influences unworthy her nobler self.

Our grandmothers, with their strong frames and greater powers of endurance, never dared thus trifle with the rich boon of health. And what are the consequences? Frailty, weakness, and disease. Look at our little girls. Nothing need be prettier, neater, and more commendable than the present customary dress of children for summer. It gives to the limbs freedom, and ease to the carriage, being cool and light, and answering every purpose of clothing for warm weather; but in winter it is quite different. In fact two-thirds of the mothers of the present time would only get their due if they should be indicted for child slaughter; sending their children out into the cold from air-tight stove-rooms, with their little feet and limbs nearly naked; for what better protection is the delicate, spider-web drawers, the tiny gaiter and stocking, which they call dress! All this helps much to give that frailty and delicacy of appearance to our little girls, which so prominently mark them, laying a foundation of future suffering—if they escape with their lives—which makes life one round of pain and misery.

#### FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

LET children be exposed to temptation as little as possible. There is a notion among some that a little temptation is not amiss, as a means of training the young to withstand greater assaults. But this is, we are convinced, an ill-founded doctrine, and most fatal policy. It is of the nature of every one of our feelings to be awakened into activity by the presentation of its appropriate object; and it is the equally natural result, that the frequent activity promotes the power and the tendency to activity of those feelings. By presenting, then, what are called tempt-

ations, we are taking a direct means of educating and strengthening the inclinations toward error. On the contrary, a feeling, allowed to lie dormant, loses in power, and becomes always less and less liable to act. There is perhaps a confusion of ideas at the bottom of the objectionable theory. The true plan seems to be, to remove all actual temptation, but to give the intellect and the moral feelings proper warning against all such dangers, and thus prepare them for resistance when the time of unavoidable trial comes. We would say, then, do not allow the young to see or touch evil things, or even to be in company where such things are to be spoken lightly of, from an idea that they are to be thus hardened against temptation. Be content to inspire a salutary horror of such things by your own report, if you only are so fortunate as to be able to keep your young charge exempt from positive contact with what is discommendable. An error may, of course, be committed in speaking too strongly against what you disapprove of, in which case the young person no sooner discovers the exaggeration, than, from a principle of contradiction, he is inclined to embrace the vice. But discretion will save from this mistake. Upon the whole, it may be set down as a most important rule in education, to reduce temptation to the smallest possible bounds.

#### SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

A large number of persons entertain the idea that education consists of what is usually learned at school. Education, however, as may be seen by the preceding explanations, is of a very comprehensive nature, and includes the *forming of character* in youth. That which is taught at school is at best a very limited kind of education; it refers principally to the acquisition of certain kinds of technical knowledge, and therefore chiefly concerns the intellect. We can, indeed, imagine the possibility of a character-forming education at school; but in



the present state of things, such is rarely realized. What the schoolmaster imparts is instruction, not education in its entire sense; and we mention this, in order that parents may see the propriety of not expecting too much from their children by attending at school.

School attendance, however, is not valueless in a moral sense. It creates habits of order, and attention to time, and is useful in lowering those notions of self-esteem which children educated in solitude are apt to form. One of the most serious errors in ordinary schooling is the practice of competition among pupils. The holding out of prizes for proficiency inspires tumultuary passions in youth; and conquest is only achieved by dashing the hopes of others. But this is not the worst of its evils. It is often attended by physical as well as moral injury. The eager striving to gain prizes frequently leads to undue excitement in the brain, which ends in disease and death. Whether for the paltry triumph of seeing their children carry off a prize, or for the pleasure of seeing them prodigies of learning, parents are equally blameable in urging too close attention to studies.

Some children manifest an extraordinary aptitude for learning while still very young. They will be observed to learn a lesson or commit hymns to memory with marvellous ease. This precocity, as being considered a mark of genius, usually delights parents. They are not aware of what they are admiring. Precocity is an unnatural development of brain; it is the beginning of functional derangement, and if not checked, will probably lead to melancholy consequences. In children of tender constitutions, precocity is almost uniformly fatal.

Parents should not give themselves any vexation about the apparent backwardness of their children in school learning. In most instances, pupils get forward as quickly as is necessary, and at all events as fast as their faculties will admit of. Some children,

indeed, will require to be inspirited by every proper admonition; but if they seem to do all that is in their power, they ought not to be rebuked. To blame a child because he is behind his fellows, would in many cases be as absurd as to blame him for not being able to wield a sledge-hammer. After all, proficiency at school is found to be no certain indication of success in life. Generally, he who has the best memory is the best scholar; and as a vast many things besides memory are required to make an accomplished man, it not unfrequently happens that boys who made a poor figure at school, display great energy of purpose on reaching manhood.

Five years of age is early enough for the commencement of attendance at school, though before that period children may be taught their letters at home. The elementary branches of instruction are reading, writing, and arithmetic; and these all should learn. The higher branches may be said to consist of mathematics, drawing, foreign and classic languages, music, etc.; and instruction in these departments is less or more given according to the means of parents or other circumstances.

On this subject we must confine ourselves to general recommendations. Children possess not only different degrees of aptitude, but a different manifestation of faculties. Some have an inclination to learn one thing, and some another; one boy will show a strong taste for mathematics, another will be equally bent on learning classical languages. On the whole, it is best not to thwart these dispositions; they only need to be regulated according to professional views.

As a general advice, we should say, give your children as good a school education as your means will admit of. Saving in this branch of expenditure is poor economy; for nothing yields so good a return as a liberal education. Select also the most respectable schools and teachers. If governesses need to be hired for your daughters, offer and



pay a suitable salary for their valuable services.

In childhood, the faculty of imitating sounds and words seems to be much stronger than it is in after-life. Whether this arises from any peculiar condition of the mind, or only from the want of engrossing cares, is of no consequence to our present purpose. The fact is evident, that children may with ease be accustomed to speak any language, however difficult, and not only one, but many languages.

If parents, therefore, wish their children to speak French as well as English, all they need do is to speak French to them, or get a French nursery governess, with whom they can spend a part of their time. By means such as this, it would be a matter of no difficulty to cause a child, before he was twelve years of age, to speak several languages, as, for example, English, French, German, and Italian, with perfect fluency and exactness. Such is the plan usually pursued in the education of children in various continental countries; and as it gives no trouble to the pupils, it is much preferable to that adopted where the learning of foreign tongues is a severe drudgery at school, and occupies time which should be employed in something more dignified than the mechanical acquisition of words. Among the English nobility, we believe; the plan of employing French nursery governesses is becoming common.

#### RECREATIONS.

Children require to be amused. They like to play, romp, run about, and seek other recreations; all which is quite natural and proper. Girls love to dress and nurse dolls. Let them follow this fancy; for it is in obedience to a natural propensity, and, besides cultivating the affections, implants habits of order. Boys, on the other hand, love out-door sports, and those, so far as they are safe, they ought to be allowed to follow.

Boys should be encouraged to keep rabbits and pigeons; for the practice

gives a kind of knowledge far from useless, and also teaches kindness to animals. If there be accommodation for it, boys should likewise be allowed to tend and cultivate a little garden, under proper instructions. This will give not only health, but amusement, along with a practical knowledge of vegetation. Angling is another out-door recreation that may be advantageously permitted, in consequence of the knowledge it communicates. All recreations, indeed, which communicate love for, and intimacy with, the works of nature, can not but prove beneficial.

*Gaming for money, horse-racing,* and any other sports of a vicious, or brutal character, should find no place among the recreations of youth, or indeed of persons of any age. It is important to rear children with a becoming horror of all dissolute amusements; and no lesson in this respect will prove so effectual as pointing out to them the practical results of such amusements in the misery of their votaries.

*Companions.* Children require companions, and if deprived of those of a respectable kind they may attach themselves to persons of a disreputable order. Judicious parents will endeavor to prevent companionship with mean associates. All young persons should be taught to *look up*, never to look down, for acquaintances and friends; not that inferiors are to be despised, far from it; but that it is of the first consequence to be inspired with a reasonable ambition to get forward in the world. As a general rule, however, success in life may be said to be in the inverse ratio of the number of acquaintances. It is by their own exertions, not the assistance of others, that the young will succeed in their career.

*Books* form an important engine of mental culture and recreation. Young people in general are disposed to reading, and what parents are chiefly called on to do, is to regulate this taste, and lead it into proper channels.



Among much that issues from the press, there is not a little trash—books calculated to sow dissensions in society, and to distract, if not pollute, the mind. The greater number of novels, by representing human nature as it never was, and never will be, are of this vitiating tendency. Judicious parents, however, ought to show no churlish harshness on this point. They will find little difficulty in directing the tastes of their children towards an improving and cheering kind of literature without resorting to positive injunctions.

### SOME WORDS IN YOUR EAR.

**T**HE schools of this part of the country are in operation for the winter's campaign against ignorance. Boots have been bought for the boys, and high shoes for the girls—boots should have been provided for the girls also; the school-house windows have been puttied up; a load of green wood has been provided; the teacher has slivered a rail and started a fire; the steam is up, and the educational car is in motion. Who goes? Boys and girls of course?

Would the parents of these children allow them to go on a pleasure excursion, on a train of cars, subject to the contingencies of railroading, however strong the engine, secure the breaks, comfortable the carriages, well cared for the track, careful the conductor, vigilant the engineer, without going to see that all were right before starting? Would they allow the train to go and come without inquiring at the telegraph office, whether all were right in its progress? But the children have just started on a more than pleasure excursion. There's life business to be done; Time and Eternity's interests are involved. This is to be only a passage from one station to another in an honorable or disgraceful life-journey. The train to them is headed towards head and heart greatness or littleness, usefulness or cursing, joy or woe. Have

parents been down to see the starting? Have they examined the car? The conductors are not all old and tried. The car is shabby. There may be loose rails ahead. Have you heard from the track? Accidents are frequent on this road—more than we hear of. Intellects and affections are smashed up; spirits are crippled; while passions are jarred into activity—not more in this, the people's educational train, than in others, but in all. Do you wish to run more than ordinary risk? Were you, fathers and mothers, down to see the train start?

But the track doesn't run out of your own neighborhood. You may at any time call down and see the traveling. Have you been down since the train started?

If you haven't where is your mother's heart—your father's affection? The teacher will be glad to see you. Your presence will encourage him to double his diligence. You can't trust the telegraph; Morse's continuous wires lies badly enough, everybody knows; but the telegraph that brings the news of school progress, constituted by one hundred tongues, more or less that wag at the will of hearts beneath—addled brains beneath them—lie worse. Good teachers are slandered, poor ones praised. If you would know the truth, go and see for yourself. Father? the odd hours you loiter away, resting as you call it, would if properly employed, make you acquainted with the influence and instructions with which your boys are being pickled in the school room; and your presence there would stimulate what is good and check what is bad, and more, it would give you a better knowledge of what a school ought to be, and a just notion of the importance of providing a good one for your own boys and girls!

Mothers! your hours of sewing and knitting, spent occasionally in the common school where your daughters are being trained for honorable or disgraceful womanhood, and where you



might knit and sew as fast as at home, would tell wonderfully in the objects of your love and toil! Why can't you take up your work and go up to the school-house next week, some day? Invite some of the neighboring mothers to join you in a call upon your children and school-master. May be it would frighten the teacher, and scare the children, but be civil and mind your knitting—and the school too—and go away and tell as good a story as you can under the circumstances, making all proper allowances for the fright your unwonted presence produced; and the next week call again, when you will be better prepared to judge of the progress of your children in healthy, mental and moral growth, and they will be better prepared to see you. Follow up these weekly visits through the winter, and your interest shall be doubled. You will be able to sympathize with the scholar and teacher, and judge of what constitutes a good or a bad school. Your children will feel that you care for their growth in knowledge; the teacher, that the eye of the parent is upon him to applaud or condemn, and his zeal will be augmented, as well as his confidence in you as a friend and helper; and above all, you will have done more of what is your duty as mother of the children you profess to love.

There is no valid excuse for parents not visiting the schools where their children are taught, except *physical inability, or mental weakness.*

#### NEW MOVE AMONG THE LADIES.

**I**N the city of Belgium, extravagance has assumed such alarming proportions that the ladies themselves have been obliged to combine for the purpose of arresting its disastrous progress. It appears that extravagance has been for some years a source of restraint in families; and it was noticed no marriages were contracted, since the young men, frightened at the

bills that loomed up in the distance, preferred to live in celibacy. The mothers, recognizing the inconvenience of a state of affairs encouraged by themselves, have resolved to bring about a salutary reform, and with this view they have formed a committee, which meets once a week. They have declared open war with extravagance, and every member announces publicly the retrenchments made in her household expenses.

Referring to the paragraph above quoted, the Louisville Courier thus discourses:

Some movement of the description alluded to above is needed in America, and nowhere more than in Louisville. The extravagance, the reckless expenditures of the wives and daughters of our people are really startling. These appear to be guided by no law of reason nor of propriety. The cultivation of every virtue of the head and heart is neglected, and the passion for dress and display fostered and nourished, as if not only position in society, but actual existence depended upon the costliness of apparel. We see hundreds of ladies daily sweeping the streets, arrayed in more splendor than were even the women of the patrician houses of Rome, when that city was the scene of luxury and profligacy.

The manufactories of every nation are brought into requisition to supply the foolish tastes, the whims and caprices of womanhood. The silks of China, the laces of Belgium, the feathers of Africa, the furs of the Arctic regions, all are in demand, and all procured regardless of cost, in order that one person may make a more ostentatious display than another. This rivalry among the ladies as to who shall be the most extravagantly dressed, or rather over-dressed, exceeds that between contending aspirants for political honors. It begets pride, vanity, every and all the meaner and more debasing passions. It inaugurates into society a new test of respectability, and that person who can flaunt in the costliest robes, and dazzle with the rarest



jewelry, is the finest lady. Before the omnipotent behests of fashion and dress, all the advantages of talent, of virtue, and true womanhood must succumb.

This unfortunate tone of public sentiment is productive of more evils than we generally suppose. None can object to those who have large incomes spending their money profusely in whatever manner they choose. But we do object to their setting up a false standard of merit and respectability. Such is the weakness of human nature that many females imagine themselves lowered in public estimation if they are not so well and fashionably dressed as their neighbors. The wives and daughters of men who are employed on small salaries thus enter into all the dissipations of dress, as if they had an annual income of thousands instead of hundreds. We see, every day, ladies upon the street so richly attired that we know that their husbands are inadequate to meet the expense. No wonder that many men are thus driven to desperation — that they defraud their employers — that they seek dishonorable means by which to maintain the follies of their wives. No wonder that young men, contemplating this frightful degree of extravagance that now pervades all classes, shrink from marriage, because it would entail on them the support of an establishment beyond their ability.

These are home truths, and this is a startling picture, but not overdrawn. Is there not good sense enough in the community to bring about a reform? The interests of society — the interests of humanity — all appeal loudly for a curtailment of the female extravagance of the day.

### NELLIE DORR.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

She went up with the angels, on the morning of the 6th of January, 1857.

I saw her once — one summer's day,  
And linger'd by the dusty way,  
To hear the music of her mirth,  
And wonder if she were of earth —  
Sweet NELLIE DORR.

Her baby-brow was pearly-white —  
No stain of sin had dimmed its light;  
Was it a halo resting there,  
Or sun-beams on the golden hair  
Of NELLIE DORR?

O, sun-light never seemed so fair,  
As that which nestled round her there!  
Nor e'er a hue in yonder skies,  
Was beautiful as were thy eyes,  
Dear NELLIE DORR.

I thanked the Giver for the child,  
Who on my weary pathway smiled —  
Then came a voice — I bowed my head,  
To catch the tone, and all it said  
Was "NELLIE DORR."

I felt the spell an angel brings,  
And heard the rustle of their wings —  
Then, whispering, asked, "what wait ye for?"  
They answered softly, "NELLIE DORR,  
Sweet NELLIE DORR."

She came a visitant to earth —  
A cherub child of mortal birth;  
But angels called her home again,  
And stricken hearts have sobbed — "Amen,  
Dear NELLIE DORR."

### CONTENTMENT.

BY ISABELLA SHELDEN.

CONTENTMENT, who can speak its worth,  
Or paint the happiness it brings,  
As oft to those of lowly birth  
As to the palaces of kings.

'Tis riches in the humble cot,  
Though filled with but a scanty store,  
Where still contented with his lot  
The poor man lives, nor asks for more.

'Tis health to those who whilst in pain,  
The truth of that blest Scripture prove,  
Content with godliness is gain,  
And calmly trust eternal love.

It drives all anxious care away,  
Nor harbors thought of future ill,  
Assuring us, our God to-day  
Will be our God and Father still.

Contentment sheds serener light  
O'er homes where luxury abounds,  
And makes the humble pathway bright,  
And humble hearts with joy surrounds.  
WILLSBOROUGH, Jan., 1857.

### WINTER.

"I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturbed retirement and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening know."



## SWISS CUSTOM.

WHEN a girl has arrived at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble by consent on a given night at the gallery of the chalet in which the fair one resides. This creates no manner of surprise in the mind of her parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the greatest number of admirers. Their arrival is soon announced by sundry taps at the different windows. After the family in the house has been roused (for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest,) the window of the room prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is opened. Their parley commences, of rather a boisterous description; each man in turn urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of a repast of cakes and kirschwassar, which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed this entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry, forms a prominent feature in the proceedings of the night. After having regaled themselves for some time, during which and through the window she has made use of all the witchery of woman's art, she feigns a desire to get rid of them, and will sometimes call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be put off, for according to the custom of the country, they have come here for the express purpose of compelling her on that night, there and then, to make up her mind, and to declare the object of her choice. At length, after further parley, her heart is touched, or at least she pretends it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents, her lover is admitted through the window, where the affiance is signed and sealed, but not delivered, in presence of both father

and mother. By consent of all parties the ceremony is not to extend beyond a couple of hours, when after a second jollification with kirschwassar, they all retire.

## BEAUTIFUL BEHAVIOR.

"MANNERS" is the subject of a passage in the *American Journal of Education*, in which Dr. Huntington, the author of the same, says some admirable things. Mark them parents and teachers:

"A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement. And these are bred in years, not moments. *The principle that rules your life is the true posture-maker!* Sir Philip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman; but then he was the hero that on the field of Zutphen pushed away the cup of cold water from his own severed parching lips, and held it to the dying soldier at his side! If lofty sentiments habitually make their home in the heart, they will beget, not perhaps a fictitious and finical drawing-room etiquette, but the breeding of a genuine and more royal gentility, to which no simple, no young heart will refuse its homage. *Children are not educated till they catch the charm that makes a gentleman or a lady!* A coarse and slovenly teacher, a vulgar and boorish presence, munching apples or chestnuts at recitations like a squirrel, pocketing his hand like a mummy, projecting his heels nearer the firmament than his skull, like a circus clown, and dispensing American saliva like a member of Congress, inflicts a wrong on the school-room for which no scientific attainments are an off-set. An educator that despises the resources hid in his personal carriage deserves, on the principle of Swedenborg's retributions, *similia similibus*, or, 'like deserves like,' to be passed through a pandemonium of Congressional bullying.



## MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

THE proceedings in the Senate during the past month have been few, and but of little interest. A memorial of E. K. Collins was presented, asking Government to take his steamers, as the present mail compensation will not sustain them. Debates took place on the bill for the settlement of the claims of the officers in the Revolution, and on that providing for a steam revenue cutter for New York, which passed after being amended by striking out so much of the bill as designated that the cutter shall be stationed at the port of New York. A resolution was adopted calling for the correspondence relative to the refusal of the Dutch Minister to testify before the court in the case of Herbert, who shot the waiter at one of the hotels at Washington last spring. The course of Mr. Dubois, the Minister alluded to, has, it appears, met the disapprobation of his government, and he has therefore been transferred to Copenhagen. Among the communications sent to the Senate was one from the Secretary of War, submitting a letter from the Bureau of Construction, and from the Engineer-in-Chief, on the subject of greater safety from fire in the construction of steam vessels. These officers make numerous suggestions, but the gist of them all is the use of metal upon the floors and decks, and the surrounding of the furnaces with water.

In the House, the Rev. Daniel Waldo was re-elected Chaplain. A bill was passed for paying Gen. Scott, under the Lieutenant-General resolution, the amount to which Attorney-General Cushing said he was entitled. It gives him \$22,000 in addition to \$10,000 already received, and places him on the same footing with Washington, provided by the law of 1798. An ineffectual effort was made to make the bill establishing a uniform rule of naturalization the special order for the 14th of January. The Indian, Pension, and West Point Academy bills were passed, appropriating to the purposes of the first, \$2,350,368—to those of the second, \$1,355,620, and to the last, \$161,170. Also a bill to depreciate Spanish coins twenty per cent., for the purpose of getting them out of circulation, and to issue the new cent. This bill was laid over for two weeks. Mr. Rice introduced a bill authorizing the people of Minnesota to form a Constitution and State Government. The Senate bill providing for the compulsory pre-payment of postage on all transient matter was passed.

The newly elected Governor of New York, Hon. JOHN A. KING, and Lieut. Governor SELDEN were inaugurated with the usual ceremonies, in the Assembly Chamber of the State House at Albany, on New Year's Day. Mr. King was addressed by Myron H. Clark,

the retiring governor, after which he took the oath of office, and responded in a short speech. The Secretary of State then administered the oath of office to Lieut. Governor Selden, and the audience dispersed. The exercises were interesting and largely attended. A salute of one hundred guns was fired on the occasion.

**WRECKS.**—In the latter part of December, the packet New York from Liverpool, and the bark Tasso from Rio Janeiro, were driven ashore on the Jersey coast. The passengers of the New York, about 300 in number, mostly Irish, were got ashore, where some acts of shocking barbarity are reported, such as the men forcibly driving the women from the scanty shelter afforded and taking possession themselves. The crew, too, seem to have fallen to the level of wolves; for while the captain was doing his utmost to save the passengers, they fell upon him and nearly killed him. The bark Tasso lost four of her crew, and two brave shoremen were drowned in trying to save others.

**AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG LADIES.**—Between the months of June and November last, two ladies of Swanville, Maine, Mrs. Thankful Nickerson, aged 72 years, and Mrs. Thankful Williams, aged 67 years, spun four hundred and seventy-five skeins of yarn upon a hand wheel, and wove five hundred and thirty yards of cloth. During this time, they did some house work, took care of a sick person, and knit seventy pairs of hose. These ladies are in excellent health, and give conclusive proof of the old proverb, that industry is the parent of longevity.

**DR. ELISHA K. KANE.**—We deeply regret to learn that this indefatigable explorer, whose fame fills the civilized world, is now lying quite ill at Havana. His many friends and admirers will deeply regret to learn that his health is in a critical condition, and sincerely hope that he may yet recover and live to enjoy the rich harvest of fame and honor he has so fairly won.

In 1856 there were twenty-seven steamboat accidents, killing one hundred and seventy-six persons and wounding one hundred and seven. In 1855 there were twenty-nine accidents, killing three hundred and fifty-eight persons, and wounding one hundred and twenty-seven.

It appears that the New Orleans Custom House, intended for a magnificent pile of granite and marble, is gradually sinking into the swamp. It has declined 16.99 inches since 1852, at which rate of subsidence it will finally disappear from human vision at about the beginning of the 22d century of our era.



**POLYGAMY ATTACKED IN UTAH.**—At the July term of the First Judicial Court for Utah Territory, Judge Drummond charged the Grand Jury that the Mormonite ceremonies called "sealing" did not constitute a legal marriage; and that it was their duty to "prefer bills of indictment against all such persons as have not been legally married in some country, and particularly when two or more women are found cohabiting with the same man."

**THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**—Mr. Cyrus Field returned home in the Baltic, having been completely successful with regard to the Atlantic telegraph. He brings with him a piece of the wire, which is now being rapidly manufactured in London; it is attracting much curiosity.

On Long Island, while the western shore is increasing by the deposit and drift, the eastern extremity is yielding to the waves. Many farms, the deeds of which are recorded in the County Clerk's Office, are out far from the present shore, buried in the Atlantic Ocean.

**MRS. SARAH B. SCOTT**, the last surviving daughter of Patrick Henry, died on the 10th ult., at "Seven Island," in Halifax county, Virginia. She was 77 years old.

A LADY has lately died at Actopan, at the wonderful age of 139 years. Mexico has had over seventy-five political changes in this woman's lifetime.

LADY Byron, widow of the poet, has, by the death of the incumbent, inherited the title of Baroness Wentworth.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

It is said that Sicily was again quiet and that the revolution at Palermo had been suppressed. The would-be assassin of the King of Naples was hanged. The English declaration of war against Persia had caused much excitement both in Europe and Asia. The government proclamation, which recapitulates England's causes of complaint against the Shah is given, but many of her best friends regret the step now taken as tending to insure the advances of Russia further eastward.

DIPLOMATIC relations are suspended between Switzerland and Prussia, and matters are becoming extremely complicated. No reply has been received to the note addressed by Prussia to the Great Powers on the Neuchâtel affair. Meantime Prussia persists in forcible measures, and notifies the German Diet that her own troops are sufficient for the emergency; and that 35,000 troops will assemble at Berlin, by January, to march under General Van Groben upon Switzerland. The latter power is behaving with great gallantry. The population is called to arms and respond with enthusiasm. 20,000 will be

armed immediately, of which 10,000, under Gen. Bourgois, will defend Valse; and the remainder under Gen. Ziegler, will garrison at Schaffhausen. The van and reserve of the army will operate in the field. Unlimited credit for military purposes has been voted. The Federal diet is convoked for the 27th December.

THE old Arctic discovery ship *Resolute*—recovered by an American whaling ship, and presented to the British nation by the United States Congress—arrived at Spithead on the 12th ult., under the command of Capt. Hartstene of the United States Navy. An invitation to a public banquet, by the Corporation and inhabitants of Portsmouth, has been accepted by the captain and officers, and every mark of respect has been paid to the American officers. The *Resolute* was towed up to Cowes on Monday, the 15th ult., the Queen having intimated her wish to pay a visit to the vessel, and the steam frigate *Retribution* was also sent up to salute on the occasion, and several gun-boats and other ships were stationed in the roads. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by some of the royal children, paid their visit about 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 16th, the English and American flags flying at the peak of the *Resolute*, and the Royal standard was hoisted at the main as soon as her Majesty stepped on board. Capt. Hartstene received the Royal party. Her Majesty having received a cordial welcome, and inspected the vessel, retired amid enthusiastic cheering. An elegant *dejeuner* was afterward served in the ward-room. Capt. Hartstene and the officers received a number of invitations to public dinners, many of which were declined for lack of time. A British ship had been tendered them for their return home. Three thousand people visited the *Resolute*. The Queen sent £100 to be distributed among the crew.

THE arrival of the Rev. Dr. Livingston, the renowned explorer of Africa, has created a great sensation in London. Dr. L. has been absent sixteen years, in the employ of the London Missionary Society, in the interior of Africa. His arrival has been cordially welcomed, and the knowledge he will give the public of the interior of that country and its condition, will be invaluable. He speaks various African tongues, and has almost lost the use of his own language.

THE FRENCH IN CHINA.—The French Government demand reparation from the Emperor of China, for the death by violence of the Abbe Chapdelaine, who fell a martyr to his religion. This demand will be supported by the French squadron, charged to compel the Emperor of China to allow a representative of France to reside at Peking—a privilege which Russia alone has hitherto enjoyed.



## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## WHAT WE EAT.

WE live in a country so extensive in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, and so productive of the fruits of the earth, that it is not strange if we are tempted to indulge in its abundance beyond what is required to sustain life. But whenever we indulge our appetites beyond the requirements of nature, we make a drain from our lives instead of contributing to their support. It is important, therefore, that we understand the object for which our appetites were bestowed upon us, and come as nearly as it is possible for fallible human nature to attain, to the right use of them. We believe it is conceded on all hands that simplicity of diet is conducive to health; but, in direct opposition to this commonly received opinion, it seems to be understood that a desirable style of living is one in which the table is constantly spread with costly and highly seasoned viands, such as will tempt those appetites which nature had so arranged that they should need no labored temptation. If we adopt both of these opinions, they will lead us to the inevitable conclusion that it is desirable to be uncomfortable and sallow and dyspeptic; but well as people love the means by which this result is brought about, we think there is no one who will willingly accept the result itself.

There is no denying that those appetites which have been pampered to satiety with rich food do often need special tempting in order to make the customary meals acceptable, but this is no fault of nature, and in such cases we doubt if it is even a requirement of nature that the customary meals should be taken. A short space of fasting or of adherence to simple diet would undoubtedly bring the appetite back, like a refractory child, to its proper temper.

By simplicity in diet we do not mean the potatoes and salt, or the oatmeal porridge and bannocks which are the much lauded diet of the healthy peasantry in some portions of the world—for we believe that the glowing health of these people depends quite as much upon their constant exposure to fresh air, as upon their simple diet.

But the diet most conducive to health would undoubtedly consist of a sufficient variety of nourishing food, well cooked but plain, and selected with common sense, reference to the age, health and occupation of those who are to enjoy it. It is evident from the physical formation of man, that he was intended to eat both animal and vegetable food, but the selection of those kinds which he should enjoy, has been left to the dictates of his own reason. By the old Hebrew law it was forbidden to the Israelites to eat pork; and by the most highly civilized of ancient nations it was supposed to be a kind of food, fit only for laboring people. There was probably a reason for this, but we think it was one which we dwellers in the New World do not understand very thoroughly. For in many portions of the country, the one variety inclosed under the term "meat," for a large proportion of the year, is pork,—nothing but pork.

We do not believe the Greeks and Romans who turned the eating of pork over so complacently to the laboring classes would have considered it best even for them to float continually in this incessant round of fat. But where this interminable use of pork is customary it is very convenient, for everybody knows how to do that which it is the custom for everybody to do, and a continuance in the old road will save them the trouble of learning anything new. The agricultural papers are saying just now that it is cheaper for farmers to raise a pound of mutton than a pound of pork. But even when they have proved this satisfactorily, we doubt not many farmers will still think that they know better how to raise the pork than the mutton, and are more decided when to kill it, and that their wives know better how and when to dress it, and thus the frying-pans will still continue to swim in fat. The constant use of pork, and of the frying pan in which it is cooked, is the great evil of country living, and though in a great measure counterbalanced by fresh air and fresh vegetables, and the wholesome manner in which everything can be obtained at once from the hand of nature without having grown stale



from waiting in market for a purchaser, it is still a great and unnecessary evil. It seems that English mutton is becoming very fashionable in New York of late; and, though the Gothamites may be gulled into eating a great deal more *South Down's mutton* than ever came over the water, still it may turn the attention of our producers to the proper raising of mutton, and help somewhat in arresting the reign of porkocracy in the country.

All suet, tendon, or oily matter is much less digestive than the ordinary fiber of meat, and all pickled or salted meats are hardened by the process of curing, and thus rendered less digestible, and consequently less nourishing than when fresh.

Of the different kinds of meats, mutton contains the greatest amount of nutritive matter in proportion to its bulk, if we except bones, in which the proportion of nutritious matter is nearly double. Among the grains, wheat stands first in this average proportion, potatoes among vegetables, and grapes among our common fruits.

It is found by scientific observation that no animal can subsist long on food which is destitute of nitrogen, and also that a mixture of different kinds of food is absolutely essential to animal life. The component parts of our food — starch, sugar, and albumen or jelly, will neither of them support animal life alone. "Thus, geese fed upon gum died the sixteenth day; those fed upon starch the twenty-fourth; and those fed upon boiled white of egg the forty-sixth. In all these cases they dwindled away and died as if of starvation."

In wheat the leading nutritive matter is starch and gluten; in rice it is little else than starch; in vegetables, as carrots and turnips, it is chiefly sugar. It may thus be seen how the continued rice diet which is sometimes given to feeble children for bowel complaints, or other reasons, may not only cease to be a benefit, but become a positive injury, depriving them of the nutrition they really need. From its healing and inoffensive nature, this kind of food is universally recommended in such cases, and is undoubtedly beneficial when not used too exclusively.

With regard to variety of food, Chambers

says: "A judicious variation of food is not only useful but important. There are, it is true, some aliments, such as bread, which can not be varied, and which no one ever wishes to be so. But apart from one or two articles, a certain variation or rotation is much to be desired, and will prove favorable to health. There is a common prepossession respecting *one dish*, which is more spoken of than acted upon. In reality there is no virtue in this practice, excepting that, if rigidly adhered to, it makes excess nearly impossible, no one being able to eat to satiety of one kind of food. There would be a benefit from both a daily variation of food, and eating of more than one dish at a meal, if *moderation* were in both cases to be *strictly observed*; for the relish to be thus obtained is useful as promotive of the flow of nervous energy to the stomach, exactly in the same manner as cheerfulness is useful. The policy which would make food in any way unpleasant to the taste is a most mistaken one; for to eat with langor, or against inclination, or with any degree of disgust, is to lose much of the benefit of eating. On the other hand, to cook dishes highly, and provoke appetite by artificial means are equally reprehensible. Propriety lies between the two extremes."

There is no doubt that those who exercise most, and are most frequently exposed to the fresh air, can bear the stimulus of highly seasoned food better than those who lead sedentary lives, but they are not the people for whom such dishes are usually prepared, and indigestion, dyspepsia, and their attendant horrors are apt to be the reward of those who have too much to eat, and too little to do. A paragraph, asserting pithily that jars of sweetmeats, mince-meats, and other preparations of luxurious food should be the only family jars known, has been the rounds of the papers with much apparent acceptance. For ourselves, we should not wonder if a super-abundance of these highly prized jars were found to lie at the foundation of some family jars that are far less agreeable. It is impossible for any one to look very pleasant while suffering from the pains of indigestion, and there is little doubt but the temper as well as the stomach may be thrown sadly ajar, from dipping too deep



into jars of sweetmeats and pickles. And many a fair face, as well as many a fair temper, has, undoubtedly, been spoiled by a too common indulgence in those things which should be regarded as rare delicacies.

"What do you think of cousin Helen?" says a lady to a bachelor friend, during whose absence the Helen referred to has grown up. "Do you call her pretty?"

"Humph, no! nature intended she should be, but she's spoiled. Too much eating and too little acting. Look at her skin."

"Yes, to be sure; her skin is bad. I think it is strange—it used to be so white and clear."

"No! it is n't strange at all. Her father is too prosperous in business; they live too well, set too good a table, and there is too little call for her to exert herself. If she had been obliged to make the beds, and do the sweeping, and to breakfast upon brown bread and cold beef, instead of hot buns and broiled chicken, and the rest of their interminable temptations, she would have been handsome, but now she's spoiled. There's a look of disgust and ennui about her that would spoil the finest face in the world."

"But with all these drawbacks, I think she looks better than most young ladies of my acquaintance."

"Of your acquaintance? Yes, I dare say. What skins they have, and what eyes they have, and what sour, forbidding lips they have! I think Miss Helen lives in a house where the bath-room is not wholly a useless appendage, and so some of this unmerciful clogging of the human machinery gets washed away. Excuse my plainness, but in many of these fine houses the bath-room is a thing to be shown and talked of, while the inhabitants are too weary of doing nothing to rouse themselves to the exertion of constant bathing, and so the evils of this over-feeding and under-acting are greater than they need be. The people I have been among have too little of the ore of wealth to rust in this way, and this dull uncomfortable look seems new to me. The farmer's daughter, with her calico dress, and apron that gets acquainted with dish-water, is in reality more wholesome and cleanly than these satin draped beauties. There is the

same difference in the current of their blood that there is between the clear bright stream that flows smoothly over the pebbles, and the turbid, muddy one, that throws up dirt wherever it can find a lodging place."

"Oh, Mr. S. . . . , you are very severe."

"Well, I wish there were no occasion for it."

We quote again from the English author already referred to, with regard to the manner of eating:

"Strange as it may appear, to *know how to eat* is physiologically a matter of very considerable importance. Many persons, thinking it all a matter of indifference, or perhaps unduly anxious to dispatch their meals, eat very fast. If we are to believe the reports of travelers, the whole of the mercantile population of the United States eat hurriedly, seldom taking more than ten minutes to breakfast, and a quarter of an hour to dinner. They tumble their meat precipitately into their mouths, and swallow it almost without mastication. This is contrary to an express law of nature, as may be very easily demonstrated.

"Food, on being received into the mouth, has two processes to undergo, both very necessary to digestion. It has to be masticated or chewed down, and also to receive a certain admixture of saliva. Unless food be well broken down or masticated, and also well mixed with salivary fluid, it will be difficult of digestion. The stomach is called upon to perform, besides its own proper function, that which properly belongs to the teeth and saliva, and is thus overburdened often in a very serious manner. The pains of indigestion are the immediate consequence, and more remote injuries are likely to follow. \* \* \* \* \*

"When the food has been received into the stomach, the secretion of the gastric juice immediately commences; and when a full meal is taken, this secretion generally lasts about an hour. It is a law of vital action that when any living organ is called into play there is immediately an increased flow of blood and nervous energy toward it. The stomach, while secreting the bile, displays that phenomenon, and the consequence is that the blood and nervous energy are called away from other organs. So great is the



demand which the stomach thus makes upon the rest of the system, that during, and for some time after a meal, we are not in a condition to take strong exercise of any kind. The consequence of not observing this rule is often very hurtful. Strong exercise, or mental application, during, or immediately after a meal, diverts the flow of nervous energy, and of blood to the stomach, and the progress of digestion is necessarily retarded or stopped."

Of the proper quantity of food he says: "It has been found that confined criminals or paupers are healthiest when the daily solids are not much either above or below twenty ounces. Of course, in active life, there must be need for a larger allowance, but only to a small extent. We may thus arrive at a tolerably clear conviction of that excess which is said to be generally indulged in, for certainly most grown people who have the means, not excepting many who pursue very sedentary lives, eat much more than twenty-four ounces."

It is ascertained that the process of digestion goes on much less favorably during sleep than in our waking hours; so that those who wish for the companionship of gout and dyspepsia, may eat suppers of mince-pies and cocoa, or of cold ham and lobsters, just before retiring, but not those who wish to spend their days in peace and comfort.

We think it probable that in these days of fast living, the evil of rapid eating is as great as any connected with our diet. The business man comes in to his dinner with a feeling of haste, and all the nervous energy of his system at work in his brain over some business problem, instead of being allowed to give proper assistance to the organs of digestion. Perhaps he sits down to the table with a family of young children, of whom several are too small to prepare their own food for eating, and the necessity of waiting upon a full table adds to his haste, while his family, whether busy or not, catch the example from him, and the whole meal is devoured in a ridiculously short space of time, and with none of that quiet and enjoyment which the process of digestion requires. If we add to this the fact that we have, both in town and country, notwithstanding all our talk about, and laborious efforts in cooking,

a great deal of ill-cooked, as well as ill-selected food, we find sufficient reason why we grow sallow and dyspeptic.

#### OUR PROSPECTS.

We are glad once more to herald the encouragement that reaches us on every side, and to know that while there are those who prefer a more showy and fashionable literature than ours, and wish to be posted up chiefly in that which relates to external life, there are yet many who choose a practical, every-day literature, remembering that they have hearts and homes, as well as wardrobes and faces. However we may be liable to the imputation that many of our sex seek only to be ladies in the polished sense of the term, we have yet a noble army of womanhood, who, though they might monopolize almost wholly the real term lady, yet glory more in bearing the signet of the true *woman* than in any thing which applies to outside life. We would have no one neglect the cultivation of those flowers which adorn the path of outer life, but they must be cultivated on the soil of our moral and mental nature, or they will be only artificial flowers, yielding no perfume, and unpleasant to the touch.

But we are reading our subscribers a homily, when we only intended to thank them for their hearty co-operation. One of them says, in sending a club: "I will just add that *all* who have read our 'HOME' this last season have subscribed. If others would take the trouble to send them around to their neighbors, you would have a great circulation, say from five to ten times the present one."

How many more of our subscribers will follow this good example? Increase in our circulation will of course contribute as far as possible to the improvement of our magazine.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to hear again from "Martha Dodd," and those of our correspondents who send us accepted articles for THE HOME will please accept our thanks. We have received some hastily written communications of late, which shew a good object, but a very careless way of carrying it out. A vivid imagination may furnish a portion of the material for good composition — only a portion remember



—but it will never work it into shape. *Godey* says in his last issue: "School girls who scribble off a story in one day, and then expect us to correct, print, and *pay* for the same, can believe in spirit rappings." This class of believers is not found among school girls alone, nor wholly among our sex.

## RECIPES.

## FOR INVALIDS.

**PLAIN MUTTON BROTH.**—Get one pound of serag of mutton; break the bone with a chopper, without separating the meat, then put it into a stew-pan with three pints of water and a salt-spoonful of salt; boil gently two hours, carefully removing all the scum and fat, which is easily done by allowing it to simmer slowly by the side of the fire; it will be by that time reduced to about one quart, and is then ready to serve. This broth must not be expected to drink very palatably, being deprived of vegetables and seasoning, being in fact more a beverage than a soup. At the commencement of convalescence, more strength may be given if ordered by the doctor, by reducing the original quantity to one pint. This broth is often administered by a spoonful only at a time.

**SEASONED MUTTON BROTH.**—Put the same quantity of mutton and of water into your stew-pan; add double the quantity of salt, and a quarter ditto of sugar, quarter of a middling sized onion, very little celery, and one ounce of turnip; set it upon the fire, and when beginning to boil, draw it to the side; let it simmer gently two hours; skim off all the scum and fat, and pass it through a sieve, and use it when required.

**VEAL BROTH.**—Put two pounds of knuckle of veal into a stew-pan, with a calf's foot split, and the bone taken out and chopped up; add three quarts of water, a good sized onion, one leek, a piece of parsnip, and two salt-spoonfulls of salt if allowed by the doctor, (if not the salt must be omitted;) set it upon the fire, and when beginning to boil skim, and let it simmer at the corner of the fire four hours; twenty minutes before pass-

ing, again skim off all the fat, and add ten large leaves of sorrel, or twenty small, one cabbage lettuce, and a handful of chervil, and when done pass it through a sieve, when it is ready for use. This broth is very cooling and nutritious when taken cold, as it is then quite a jelly; vermicella, rice, etc., may be added when served hot, and the veal and calf's foot is very excellent, eaten with parsley and butter, or sharp sauce; but should the patient require any, it should be quite plain, with a little of the broth, and only the gelatinous part of the foot. The above also makes an excellent dinner soup, and if put in a cool place, would keep a week in winter, and three days in summer.

**BEEF TEA.**—Cut a pound of solid beef into very small slices, which put into a stew-pan, with a small pat of butter, a clove, two button onions, and a salt-spoonful of salt. Stir the meat round over the fire for a few minutes, until it produces a thin gravy; then add a quart of water, and let it simmer at the corner of the fire for half an hour, skimming off every particle of fat; when done pass through a sieve. I have always had a great objection to passing broth through a cloth, as it frequently quite spoils its flavor.

**PURE OSMAZONE OR ESSENCE OF MEAT.**—Take two pounds of the flesh of any animal or bird, (the older the better for obtaining the true flavor,) as free from sinew as possible, and mince it well; place it in a Florence oil flask, and cork it; put this in a saucepan filled with cold water, leaving the neck uncovered; place it on the side of the fire until the water arrives at fourteen degrees Fahrenheit, at which temperature it must remain for twenty minutes; then remove it, and strain the contents through a small sieve, pressing the meat gently with a spoon; should it require to be kept for some time, put the liquor in a basin or cup, which place in the saucepan; subject it to a boiling heat until it is reduced to a consistency like treacle, removing the scums; this, when cold, will become solid, and will keep for any number of years.